

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

WHEN the city of Ottawa looks up at the Parliament Buildings on the hill, the city of Ottawa feels ashamed of itself. The year around that so-called enterprising city sits next to the national treasury—its houses cluster beneath the shadow of the flag-pole on the nearest public building, and on one of these humid afternoons an alderman, standing in Sparks street, can see the beads of perspiration cast off by the national surplus glittering in the sun on the brick-work outside the quarters of the Minister of Finance. And yet Ottawa—the city of Ottawa, living a-bosom with all this surplus and all this annual national revenue derived from provinces that coast on two oceans—what has the city of Ottawa got for herself out of all this money that comes so easily and departs so blithely for points at the four corners of the Dominion? A paltry sixty thousand a year! These Ottawa aldermen have stood in the street, and they have seen long caravans bearing specie depart for petty little places the country over—this ton of money to build on the shore of a doubtful constituency a wharf whereon the gulls may read dead fish; the other ton of money to push on a canal begun in the days of Lord Elgin, and to be opened for traffic on Judgment Day; the third to build a handsome post office at a point where little mail matter comes, except printed copies of *Hansard* when the member for the riding has read a speech to an empty Parliament. The Ottawa aldermen have been watching these caravans depart each year since 1867, but they have seen mighty few of them dump their loads within the city limits. To be next to so large a thing and so reputedly soft a thing as a national treasury, and yet to get nothing out of it, except to gaze upon its shell daily, and sometimes get the soft scent of burning money wafted over the city on a breeze from the Laurentians, is extremely teasing. Ottawa, therefore, at times grows deeply ashamed of herself, as a city that has not made use of her opportunities. Just now Ottawa is in one of her periodic fits of remorse. Her newspapers are pointing out that the municipality does more for the nation than the nation for the municipality. The national treasury expends \$60,000 a year in local improvements; the municipality forfeits \$330,000 per annum in taxes, and water rates, that could be collected were all the property in Ottawa private instead of national. Thus, they argue, Canada is \$240,000 a year in debt to the city of Ottawa. It is true that Bytown consisted of a general store and a pile of sawdust when Parliament located there, and is now a considerable city; it is true that a great many thousands of the present inhabitants of the place toe the mark when the bell rings on pay day in the various departments, while thousands more lie in wait for these salaried servants of the nation to get accounts settled as they come out laden from the treasury. But aside from individuals, the city, as a city, loses more than she gains from the presence of Parliament. Buildings that pay municipal taxes one year, are expropriated by the Government the next, and pay taxes no more. In one direction, the city can grow no further—indeed cannot hold the growth she has, for the nation eats into the municipality and renders sterile for tax-bearing purposes much of her choicest property. The hardship of it is great in the eyes of the aldermen, as they watch the caravans pass, and look up to the treasury on the hill.

There is something to be said in favor of the view taken by the ratepayers of Ottawa. The nation should spend more for the up-keep of the surroundings of the capital buildings. That is the show-place of Canada, and suitable municipal service cannot be had unless it is paid for.

OVER in England, a great deal of humbug is talked about Canada's concern as to the constitution to be given South Africa. Here people do not pretend to understand the question, and even the versatile daily newspapers have not made a bluff at discussing the merits of the case. Somebody has written a letter to the *London Times*, warning Great Britain that Canada will not fight to save a colony, if, after the war, it is to be handed over to the control of the rebels. Canada has employed nobody to write such letters, and the writer expresses his own views only. As a matter of fact, Canada had no definite purpose when she sent soldiers to South Africa—no scheme of government for that country, no sense of responsibility for the outcome, no enmity towards the Boers. The merits of the quarrel had nothing to do with Canada's action. The war afforded this country an opportunity to do something that this country wanted to do. We wanted to take a hand in a real mix-up. We wanted to show what we were made of—not only wanted to show it, but wanted to know it, for our own satisfaction. Great Britain can get into no fight, just or unjust, but individual Canadians will seek service. It runs in the blood. When the American civil war was on, thousands of our young men left home, crossed the border, and joined the armies of either the North or the South. For the most part they enlisted in the armies of the North, because they could thus get more quickly into action. Should Great Britain in time of war get into any real danger, Canada will ask no questions, but will do what she can in handling some of the danger. Even when a father is being kicked out of a bar-room where he made himself a nuisance, his son will fly to his aid. This country may not be ready to back Great Britain in any and every quarrel that her jingoes may provoke, but this much is clear, that should John Bull be thrown on his back with a knee on his chest, Canada would aid as she could, even had he been sheep-stealing when he got into trouble. But the question of sheep-stealing would need to be discussed in family council when the row was over.

Let us not attempt to put too fine a color on our action in sending troops to South Africa. It was done, not as a deliberate stroke of statesmanship, not because the Boers were wrong and the Uitlanders oppressed, and not with any view as to what constitution should be conferred on the country afterwards. It was done because the hot blood of youth surged up and would not be denied adventure. The young men of the tribe, with their war-whoops, drowned the sage voices of the counsellors, the primal instincts swept us away, and the young warriors rushed forth to blood their assegais. Most of those who enlisted

cared nothing about the Boers, except to show them that they had to submit, being men of a foreign, and hence an inferior, tribe. Our young farmers and mechanics, reared in a tame, flat, and dull age, thirsted for change, travel, adventure, fighting. They wanted to come to grips with real men and enemies and test the manhood within them that the plow and the bench had never called into action. They wanted to break away from the civilization that harnessed them tight and fast, and riot for a time in the savagery of war. Their civilized minds, too, had good excuse. John Bull seemed to be giving a little at the knees. The Boers were doing remarkably well for a sparse people, and the credit of the Empire was suffering damage. Nor need we forget that shrewd politicians in England and Canada were secretly busy in trying to commit this country to some act of participation in a foreign war. Looking back, it cannot be denied that they managed the thing very well. But nobody can truly say that Canada went into that war in order to set up any particular form of constitution in South Africa, or that more

and the improvement of civilization, nobody desired to see. But he got into business, into railway business, and to-day he is a formidable prior on the side of entrenched capital and silk-vested rights. As he used to argue, so will he argue now, no doubt—merely giving his views a slight slant, and yet fetching up at wholly opposite conclusions from those he would have reached a few years ago. It is the way of man—to change and to call the change a maturing of views, the developing of a broader and sounder reasoning power. "I have assured Mr. Ingram," wrote Mr. Moore the other day, "that we will observe the law." It is reassuring to know that he intends to observe the law. What if he had assured Mr. Ingram that he intended to snap his finger at the law! Let the Law rest easy in its mind; Mr. Moore has promised to respect it. And, but a few years ago, Mr. Moore was a shiny-eyed young altruist. To-day he is the Machiavelli of the radial railway monopoly. He teaches the daily press with a little publication that he issues occasionally. Whenever the county and township councils in

I have electric cling to straps in the street cars. Once he sat in the Mayor's wooden chair, and thundered out reasons why people should not cling to straps. He, too, will use old arguments with a new slant, and arrive at conclusions exactly contrary to those he formerly reached. A man comes to see things differently. It all depends on where he sits. Mr. Fleming is a man who believes in himself, and he has not an old friend whom he cannot convince in twenty minutes, that his views have undergone no changes except such as have been brought about by a deeper acquaintance with conditions. He will represent himself as possessing the same old zeal for the welfare of the people, and he will tell you that he but seeks to accomplish results in new and better ways. His next stage of development, perhaps, will be to resent popular ingratitude, and become what his critics begin to say he is, a typical corporation manager, indifferent to everything but dividends—raking in the stuff any old how.

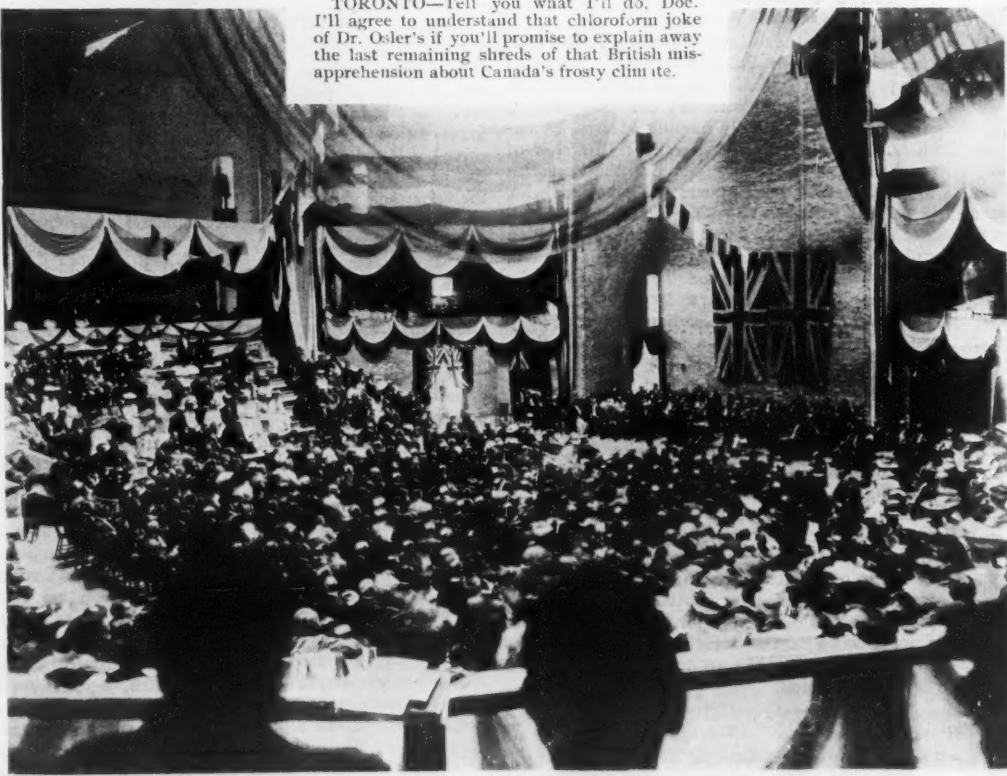
WHEN in England this summer, Mr. Cockshutt, of Brantford, who sometimes releases a torrent of eloquence that nobody can dam, told a listening multitude that Toronto is the most imperially-minded city in the whole far-flung British Empire. For talking in this big way so far from home, Mr. Cockshutt has been censured in some quarters, and yet—and yet have we not some persons in Toronto who could beat the world in any contest designed to bring out imperial-mindedness? It might be a hard thing to bring out in a contest, but we have men among us who could bring theirs out, and who, in fact, can't keep theirs in. They are imperious in their imperialism. To say that they are loyal does not express it. Nor is enough expressed when we say that they are red hot advocates of a close-riveted Empire. Beyond all that, we have men in Toronto who watch the British Empire day and night, and by the letters they write to lords and dukes, admirals and generals, newspapers and royal princes, premiers, and policemen, prevent Horrible Blunders from being committed. In short, it is more than suspected that the strings are pulled in Toronto that operate the whole menagerie. If an earthquake should swallow this town—if a few forked streaks of lightning should pick off a certain half-dozen of our citizens, one thinks with dismay of what would befall this proud, pretentious Empire! His Majesty, the King, has sent some of his horses over to the Toronto Exhibition, and we have people in this city who will aspire to the honor of being kicked by these noble animals. Each horse will be booked a week ahead for all the kicks he can deliver.

THERE are men walking about the streets of Toronto to-day—and of every other city of the same size—who can scarcely scrape together enough money to keep body and soul together, and yet any one of these men can tell you that his father, or his grandfather owned acres and acres of land in what is now the heart of the city. In an ordinary case of this kind a man takes no interest. If the father or the grandfather sold the property he got full value for it at the time of sale, and there the transaction closed. But there are others. Let us consider the case of a man with a public-spirited father or grandfather who did not sell his land, but who, looking into the future, and believing that he had sufficiently provided for his family, made over large tracts of land to the city or to public bodies of one kind or another. Are the present inhabitants of the city of Toronto sufficiently aware of the debt they owe to individual families—to the Robinson family that gave Toronto University lands, to-day worth a fabulous sum; the Baldwin family, that gave Spadina avenue to the city, and much else besides, and other families that in the early days showed a generosity as real? What can the man who settled in Toronto yesterday know about these matters? The city has done nothing to perpetuate in black and white print the story of what it owes to men who are dead and gone. There is a school in the city named after Jesse Ketchum, but the school children of Toronto associate the name with a sauce made from tomatoes. They think that Jessie was the name of the blessed woman who invented ketchup. Yet we have some of the old families left, and need we wonder that when the grandson of one of these old benefactors is a candidate for public office, the people of an earlier generation rally around him, and lend dignity and decency to his defeat at the hands of newcomers who know nothing of the past. Among us are many who complain because our men of wealth do so little for the city, yet the city gives no sign that she can remember overnight the name of a man who does her a service. How many of the school children who passed the High School entrance examination in June could have given the name of the man who made Toronto a present of High Park? That was an affair of yesterday, and yet not one pupil in twenty could have answered it. Let us overcome this vice of ingratitude. In order to make the appeal irresistible, let it be added that nothing pays better than a due show of gratitude. It induces other men to loosen up.

THE Mayor of Toronto went out of town last week, and it appears that on a steamer down the St. Lawrence he passed unrecognized. The men in charge of the boat did not know who he was. They herded him aboard along with a large crowd of other people, who were not mayors at all. The boat was crowded, and His Worship, instead of shouldering his way into a good place, just let himself be bunted aside to see what could happen to an eminent man on a steamboat when the officers and crew did not recognize him. He found himself presently down in the hold of the vessel, where only second class passengers are supposed to travel, and he was glad to sit on a soda-water box, taking turns in the use of this convenience with other tired passengers. It was a pretty tough experience for the mayor of a great city, and it seems to show that the municipality ought to own a yacht for the mayor to travel in, or, failing that, he should be authorized to wear a uniform when he travels, so that he will not escape recognition. This has been a year of surprising experiences in so far as Mr. Coatsworth is concerned. First he sat in the Mayor's chair, and next he sat on a soda-water box in the hold of an excursion steamer. Seen in either seat, he was a fit object for surprise. Not the Mayor of Toronto, but Mr. Coatsworth, the boat passenger who sat on the soda-water box, has written a letter to the press, in which he denounces all the public carriers



TORONTO—Tell you what I'll do, Doc. I'll agree to understand that chloroform joke of Dr. Osler's if you'll promise to explain away the last remaining shreds of that British misapprehension about Canada's frosty climate.



THE BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Opening ceremony in Convocation Hall at the University—Sir Victor Horsley speaking

than a baker's dozen of our citizens take an interest in that question now. People here do not pretend to know what the situation now is in that colony. In a general way, it is probable that Canadians would give the opinion that the best constitution a colony could have would be the one that this country has secured after a long struggle. They would be inclined to recommend full self-government as the only means by which a population can be brought to contentment.

TIME brings changes, and time must be quite a humorist, judging by some of the effects she produces. Take the case of Mr. William Moore, of the Radial Railways, or take the case of Mr. R. J. Fleming, manager of the Toronto Street Railway Company. Billy Moore is now the wildest strategist and most sinuous contriver to be found in the whole camp of incorporated capital, and organized aggression on the rights and privileges of the mulish multitude. And yet it is but a few years ago that he was a tall, pale boy, earnest, high-browed, anxious to run the whole ship of state into dry-dock, and caulk all her leaks. My first meeting with him was when he called with John A. Cooper, when we were getting the Canadian Club started, and a finer zeal than his for the welfare of man

the neighborhood of Toronto show a tendency to abate their distrust of the city. Mr. Moore produces another issue of his paper, in which he attacks the city, and the city press. He sends copies to all the municipal big guns along the back lines, sees that copies reach the editors of the city dailies, and then he leans back and waits. Everything turns out just as he had planned. His little paper, left to itself, would merely be a printed circular from his company, but when the big dailies treat it seriously, discuss its contents at great length, the whole countryside is made to feel that there is a real issue, a gigantic struggle going on. Mr. Moore is made to loom up as the champion of all the Rural Parts hereabouts against the aggressions of a city called Hogtown. It is smooth business, and it has succeeded over and over again, in stiffening that rural support without which Mr. Moore would be nowhere when his proposals come before the Ontario Legislature. Mr. Moore is a young man with a plausible voice, and the most confidential and convincing manner in the world; but he knows what he wants, and will not take anything else.

See, too, what Time has done with R. J. Fleming, once known as "the People's Bob." He sits in a chair of gold, and thinks up and delivers reasons why the people should

of Canada for assuming that they have the right to collect first-class fare from passengers, and give them third-class accommodation. They all do it—trains, boats, street cars. They pack us in like sardines. They do it in Toronto, Montreal, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver. It is not local, but general. It being general, there must be a reason for it, or two or three contributing reasons. One of the reasons, no doubt, is, that a company can carry one hundred passengers more cheaply when packed into one street car than when comfortably seated in two, or can carry a thousand more cheaply in one train or boat than in two trains or boats. But that is not the only cause for this crowding. Ours is a country that has not yet got settled down into habits on which a company engaged in public carrying can depend. There are no fixed and sure tides of travel—except, perhaps, in respect of street cars. A passenger boat will leave dock one day with only one-third the people she is licensed to carry, and will leave next day with far too many on board. It is the same with the trains going to Muskoka and the Georgian Bay. Sometimes a man will ride almost alone to Allandale in a parlor car, while another day hundreds will be turned away from that car. But they will all get on the train, and get carried along somehow. They may complain, but they will not postpone their journey. Consider Mr. Coatsworth's case. He says too many people were in the boat he travelled in, but let us suppose that as he stepped up to the gang-plank, a low-browed ruffian, wearing brass buttons, had stopped him, saying that the steamer already had as many passengers aboard as it was licensed to carry, or could comfortably accommodate, and he would have to wait over. Would that have pleased Mr. Coatsworth? Or, if he did not want that, did he desire that those immediately behind him should have him prevented from following him on board? The fact is that, in this country, we will not wait for the next car, the next boat, or the next train. We are not built that way. If we are going anywhere, we want to get there, and among all those who complain about over-crowding—including the Mayor and myself—I have never seen the one who will not on every occasion contribute his own person to increase that over-crowding. A man waits for a street car—it is crowded; he is indignant, but he piles on, if he can find a foothold. He always has an unreasonable anger because so many other people were allowed to climb on that he can scarcely get clinging room for himself, but as for waiting for a car that is not crowded, the idea does not enter his mind at all. The Canadian is not a patient waiter. He would rebel against the tyranny of any railway or boat officials who would attempt to keep him back from a steamer or a train that had standing room left. He wants a seat, but much more, he wants to make his journey just when he is ready to make it, and no later. In one day the C.P.R. sent out as many trains and cars from Toronto as were necessary to carry harvesters to the West, and although all those making the journey were aware that everyone would be provided for before the day was done, yet the officials battled for hours against the efforts of men to crowd in great discomfort into each train as it came forward to be filled with passengers. They were ready to go, they wanted to be off, they could brook any amount of discomfort, but no delay. This is the way we are built. We are too sudden. Public ownership would not relieve over-crowding in the least, for the people over-crowd of their own accord, and needlessly. The street car that is right on the spot, and that is going where you are going, is the one car in the world for you, be it crowded or not. The first train or boat that is going where you want to go, is the one you are going on, even if you have to sit on a soda-water box, or make a seat out of your suit-case. Everybody knows this to be true. Some day these things may be regulated, and the company controlling any public conveyance may permit only as many passengers to get aboard as can travel in perfect comfort—some day we may have this, but will we like it any better? I do not believe that we are suited to any such well-ordered way of doing things.

It is difficult to figure out the summer holiday problem. A man sends his family away to a farm, to a summer cottage, or to a lakeside hotel, and he feels like a hero staying at home and paying the bills. He sleeps in the deserted home. He picks up meals where he can find them. For a week or two he is like a colt back in pasture, but after that he roams the city like a stray dog, until he learns to fasten himself upon his friends, and to bury himself in his books. Aside from the benefit that children derive from a summer in the country, there can be no doubt that it is a good thing for a family to close up the house for a period during the summer, for it causes both husband and wife to know how much each depends on the other for the comforts of life. The mother and children learn amid the forced gaieties of the summer hotel, and the husband learns in the commercial atmosphere of restaurant and hotel, to appreciate the conveniences of a well-ordered home. There is more than that, too, in a summer separation. Two men who have made long journeys together—up to the Klondike in the early days, over the murderous Edmonton trail, after musk ox in the barren lands of the North, or across Africa, have testified that as week followed week without change or diversion of any kind, each grew weary unto death of the companionship of the other. It was lonesomeness—lonesomeness perverted into dislike for the only available companionship. Marriage is the most intimate of all companionships, and the occasional absence of the man or the woman makes a desirable break in an association that could grow irksome—could lead to grumbling, fault-finding, peevishness. An occasional holiday is a good thing. Perhaps in some cases homes are broken up permanently that might not have come to this disaster, had these husbands and wives lived rationally.

An American student who went to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar has learned something worth while, and in a magazine article tells his countrymen about it. He learned the ethics of true sport at Oxford, where, he says, a man strives to win but never disputes with a referee, wrangles with an opponent, resorts to anything in the shape of sharp practice, nor makes excuses when defeated. In short, a fellow feels in honor bound to play fair at Oxford. The Ottawa Citizen takes occasion to say that in Canada there are demoralizing tendencies in sport, and that players too often seek to win by means that are unfair and discreditable, and that spectators applaud rough and dishonest play that nobody should approve. In hockey, rugby, lacrosse, and baseball, players are too much inclined to think that it is fair to do anything to help their side that can be done, so long as the referee or umpire does not see the act. This is wrong, and ruinous of all true sport. The rules of a game, like the laws of the land, should be respected. A good citizen should not require a policeman to watch him, and a good sport should only require a referee to look out for accidental violation of the rules. The best lacrosse players I have ever seen were clean players. It is men of the second class, men conscious of their own inferiority, who cut and slash and seek to intimidate better players. A young fellow

cannot be dishonest in his athletics, he cannot cheat and do sneaky things, without doing permanent injury to his character. In a country where field sports are so popular, more attention should be paid to the morality of sport.

MACK.

The Old Tree.

BLEAR, a bleak, a blackened thing,
A sight unseemly to the eye,
My strength is spent, my death is nigh—
I'm but a blot upon the Spring,
That spreads its splendor all around.
But Death is nigh, and soon unseen
The blot will be beneath the green—
My limbs will crumble underground.

LONE I stand upon the hill,
And wring my leafless limbs, the while
The scene around me seems to smile;
For all to me is cold and still—
I'm deaf to all the present time.
I hear alone the echoes vast
That filled the forests ages past,
Ere Time had feasted on my prime.

LONE I stand throughout the days,
And slowly wring my leafless limbs,
Nor hear, nor heed, the holy hymns
The birds trol in their Maker's praise.
But when the night enshrouds the plain,
And stars illuminate the sky,
Then all the living seem to die,
And all the dead to live again.

AND once again the forests rise
Around me here on every hand,
And o'er them all I proudly stand,
And rear my branches towards the skies.
Ah! little thinks the sleeping one
What passes 'neath my shade at night,
And vanishes before the light
That rises with the red-orbed sun!

THE phantom forms of Indian braves
Ring phantom war whoops through the glades,
And death groans sound among the shades
Where bones rot low in nameless graves.
And through the startled air of night
The wild, weird tones of beast and bird—
The noises scout and hunter heard—
Arise—to lull me, not affright.

BUT oft soft notes my heart regale,
And whispering lovers long since dead
Repeat the wooing words they said
What time they told the tender tale.
And warbling birds take up the strain
And thrill my branches with delight;
And far throughout the starry night
The echoes waft the sweet refrain.

BUT when the first faint streak of day
Peeps o'er the bulwarks of the night,
The ghostly figures with affright
In mist and vapor melt away,
And once again I'm left alone,
A sight unseemly to the eye.
My strength is spent, my death is nigh,
And all day long I feebly moan.

H. W. JAKWAY.

Toronto, August, 1906.

Three Canadians Abroad

(As seen by a Fourth).

MR. J. W. DAFOE, editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, has been in England, and has written a series of letters to his paper. In one of them he takes a fling at some of the Canadians who attended the Congress of Chambers of Commerce, specially naming Messrs. Drummond, Cockshutt, and Denison. He writes: "In view of its extreme importance, let me pay tribute to the Canadian delegates to the Congress of Chambers of Commerce who, in the early days of July, rallied round the flag and saved the Empire. I had not appreciated the perilous condition of the poor old Empire until, in the Grocers' Hall, London, where the Congress assembled, I had my eyes opened by the thundering eloquence of Messrs. Drummond, Cockshutt, and Denison, three of our Canadian delegates. My travels through the United Kingdom prior to this gathering had, as I thought, impressed me with the abounding vitality and prosperity of the motherland, days spent in the roaring streets of London had shown me, so I vainly imagined, the great healthy heart of a mighty organization. This, as it turned out, was all a mistake. Our Canadian Cassandras painted the most dismal picture of Great Britain's present, while their feelings would only permit them to touch in the most general way upon the horrors of her future. But the situation, though desperate, was not altogether hopeless. They had come across the sea to point out to the obfuscated denizens of the motherland the path of safety. Let them pass a little resolution, which they had placed upon the order paper, and all might yet be well; if not it was a case of over Niagara for old England; she was to fade away like an unsubstantial pageant leaving not a wrack behind.

"Listening to these lugubrious disquisitions on the condition of the Imperial edifice, I thought of the House of Usher with the line of Fate cleaving its facade from the roof to the dark waters from which it rose; and listened for the roar of its disappearance into the cavernous depths. But it was not only Great Britain which was in trouble, it appeared; there was a terrible condition of things in Canada as well. We, in Canada, were actually trading more and more with the United States every year; and Canada was going to be lost to the Empire. This also could only be averted by the passage of the resolution which the orators had in hand. So the resolution was passed—despite the opposition of short-sighted or traitorous individuals representing many of the largest Chambers of Commerce in Great Britain, not to mention the delegates who spoke for India with its countless millions. Thus we saved the Empire in the brave days of July, 1906. Honor the Toronto talking brigade—when shall their glory fade?

"The bumptiousness, arrogance and cocksureness of some of the Canadian orators was almost incredible. Instance: Mr. Cockshutt calmly told the Congress, representing every section of the Empire, that Toronto was the most Imperially-minded city in the whole far-flung British dominions. Since the twentieth century is Canada's century as the nineteenth was that of the United States, perhaps we are developing some of the bounce and braggadocio that our neighbors of the south are outgrowing. At any rate, we cut a pretty figure at the Congress with our multifarious resolutions, our strident declaration of our own greatness, our hectoring and bullying attitude towards the mere Englishman who didn't agree with us. The

good-natured tolerance with which the English delegates, who were not in sympathy with the resolution, took these fiery outbursts, confirmed the impression I had already formed that the English, despite a traditional reputation to the contrary, are a most courteous and well-mannered people. One can understand, of course, that they could easily refrain from being annoyed by our Canadian gasconade; but how did they keep from laughing? At the dinner given to the delegates by the London Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Asquith made some subtle references to the Congress and its declarations in the vein of the most delicate irony—too delicate to pierce the epidermis of those to whom they were addressed.

"The crumbling temple of the Empire having been safely bound together by a band of white paper, the delegates separated with the consciousness of duty well done. Some hastened back to Canada to renew with increased vigor, the agitation for higher duties on British goods, on the theory that a mill in Canada is just as good for the Empire as a mill in Yorkshire (and a good deal more profitable to the Canadian mill owner); others to the pleasure of continental travelling. I crossed to Paris in time to see the fetes in memory of the fall of the Bastille, on July 14, and then came to Northern Italy by way of Switzerland. Some notes of this trip must be left to a later letter."

Father Damien's Companion to Colonize Lepers.

THE heroic life of Father Damien among the lepers at Molokai is brought to memory at the announcement that his companion, Father Conradi, a Belgian priest, is about to start for China to found a leper colony near Canton. The *World's Work* (August) gives an account of this priest and of the heart-breaking prospect which is before him. We quote:

"This man served as a missionary priest in India, then in the early '70's he came to Oregon, and worked for fourteen years among the Omata Indians and scattered Roman Catholic whites. Then hearing of the terrible conditions in the Hawaiian Islands, he journeyed out there, and lived among the outcasts on Molokai.

"To this hell Father Conradi went knowingly; and in it he stayed eight years, staying on and on even after Damien had died in his arms. Those two, living in huts on that shelf above the ocean, kept to their horrid task of dressing rotten human limbs and washing vile sores. They labored in the fields—a grateful task from the lazaretto, and baked bread for the sick. Every hour and every moment, such was the insanitary way of life, they were in peril of leprosy. The work was entirely among people who were without hope—incurables to whom it would have been kindness to have passed a loaded gun, that they might end it there and then; yet when Conradi left, he and Damien had instituted a hospital and so inspired a body of nuns that there are women nurses now on the island; women to bring to the lepers delights of cleanliness and ease.

"The inhabitants of Molokai now live in decent huts, their food is adequate and regular, and those who are most maimed and helpless lie in a clean little hospital waiting to die under the kindly ministrations of these women. Now, as if this eight years of toil up such a heart-breaking hill were not enough, Father Conradi starts again to be among the sick. He starts at the bottom again, and goes to cook, bind up stumps of limbs, and give patience; for hope he cannot give.

"The lepers of China are in a terrible state. The disease is the most loathsome plight imaginable, and man's charity and pity at sight of it take to the other side of the way. Near Canton, Father Conradi is to found another colony like that of his and Father Damien's on Molokai. If any man ever deserved well of his fellows, it is this Belgian priest."

Letters to an Authoress.

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN is the recipient of many curious letters from unknown correspondents, a large proportion of whom are men, says a London writer. Shortly after the appearance of the German edition of *Ships that Pass in the Night*, she received a letter from a German officer, thanking her for the pleasure and stimulus he had derived from reading the book, and assuring her that he "prayed for her every night." He further described himself somewhat minutely. He was forty-six years of age, and belonged to a Prussian cavalry regiment. It then appears to have occurred to the gentleman that he was writing to a single lady with whom he had no personal acquaintance, and, seized by the spirit of caution, he added the postscript—"This is not an offer of marriage!"

A gentleman from Barbadoes was much less picturesque. He, too, was a devoted admirer of the literary powers of his favorite authoress, but was afflicted with that most prosaic element, writer's cramp. He had heard that Miss Harraden also suffered from this distressing affliction, and begged that she would be so good as to send him the pen she was in the habit of using! Whether he thought it might serve as a charm against his own ailment, or whether he desired to pulverize the iniquitous nib which had caused Miss Harraden's trouble, did not transpire. One is inclined to think that it was an ingenious device for obtaining an interesting memento.

Men may humble themselves in the dust to lady novelists, but not so the American woman, especially when she chances to be a writer herself. She counts it her due "to be even" at all risks. Soon after the publication of *The Fowler*, Miss Harraden received a letter from a lady in the States whose name she had never before heard. The lady had, however, written a book, and made the magnificent offer to send Miss Harraden a free copy on condition that the latter would send in return a copy of *The Fowler*. There was to be no suggestion of favor in the matter. The great unknown magnanimously added, "though I am aware that my book is larger and costs more than yours, I am prepared to waive the difference in size and price!"

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Social and Personal

St. Simon's church, Rosedale, made a perfect setting for a very beautiful and impressive ceremony last Saturday afternoon, when Miss Gwendolyn Francis, daughter of Mrs. George Grant Francis, was married to Mr. Edward Bertram Gay Andras. The church was exquisitely decorated with asters, palms, and hydrangeas; and clusters of asters as well as the usual white satin ribbon indicated the seats reserved for the invited guests. The service was fully choral, the sweet voices of the boy choristers and soft strains from the organ making a particularly fitting accompaniment to the marriage service, which was read by Rev. Professor Clark, assisted by the rector, Rev. Mr. Cayley. Shortly after half-past two the bridal party



Mr. Edward Bertram Gay Andras



Miss Gwendolyn Francis

entered the church. First came the flower girls, Miss Marian and Miss Margaret Bath, nieces of the bride, two quaint little figures in Empire dresses of white liberty satin down to their feet, fuchsia of chiffon and tiny white lace caps tied with pink satin ribbon. Both carried baskets of pink and white sweet peas, and looked as if they had stepped from a picture of some court pageant of a bygone century. Next came the bridesmaids—a rainbow of girls—Miss Winnifred Andras and Miss Francis Heron, pictures of girlish loveliness, the former in pale blue, and the latter in primrose yellow chiffon, made with billowy skirt edged with deep band of satin, picturesque bodice with lace yoke and high satin girdle; then Miss Dorothy Andras in mauve, and Miss Beatrice Francis, the maid of honor, in pale pink frock differing only in color from the two first mentioned. The four attendants wore leghorn hats trimmed with tulle, and artistically caught up with one large rose, to match the gown, under the brim; and carried bouquets of sweet peas tied with white tulle. But the center of interest was the bride, whose piquant face and bright eyes, under the tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms arranged on her pretty dark hair, made a radiant picture as she moved up the aisle on the arm of her brother, Mr. Gwyn Francis, who gave her away. Her dress, brought out from London, was an exquisite princess gown of Limerick lace over chiffon and satin, appliqued with chiffon wreaths and Bankshire roses of satin. The bodice had a transparent yoke and pointed Empire girdle of lace, the corsage being trimmed with orange blossoms. Her bouquet was roses and lily of the valley, with streamers of white tulle; and the only ornament worn, a string of pearls. The best man was the groom's brother, Mr. Donald Andras of Montreal; while Dr. William Francis, Mr. James Francis, and Dr. Stanley Ryerson were the ushers. In the pews reserved for the relatives of the bride and groom were Mrs. Francis, wearing a French blue and white brocaded satin trimmed with Maltese lace, and a bonnet of white crinoline straw, with white velvet forget-me-nots and touches of blue tulle; Mrs. Andras, mother of the groom, in cream embroidered voile with lace insertion over satin, and bonnet of cream lace and violets; and Mrs. Osborne of Woodburn, looking very regal in a princess gown of Brussels lace over white chiffon, with applique motifs of Irish embroidery, and leghorn picture hat trimmed with pink roses. At the conclusion of the marriage service, Miss Rachel Gwyn of Dundas sang *O Perfect Love* very effectively, and one of the season's prettiest weddings was over. The reception was held on the lawn at Woodburn, the home of the bride's sister, the beautiful grounds of which are admirably adapted for such an occasion. The house was most artistically decorated throughout, Easter lilies being used in the dining-room, while the drawing room was fragrant with white roses and lily of the valley. The wedding gifts, which were very numerous and beautiful, and included several cheques, were in the library, whither the guests at one time or another found their way. Out on the lawn there were several flower-decked tables, and a marquee, made beautiful with white roses and bowls of sweet peas arranged on a buffet, from which were served all manner of good things. After some time spent in congratulations and pleasant chat, Professor Clark proposed the toast to the bride and groom, to which Mr. Andras responded as eloquently as young men usually do under such circumstances. Mr. Henry Campbell Osborne, in very witty and well-turned sentences, proposed the parents of the bride and groom, and Mr. Donald Andras gave the toast to the bridesmaids. Shortly after, Mr. and Mrs. Andras left amid showers of confetti and good wishes for a honeymoon in Muskoka, the bride going away in a gown of manuve crepe de Chine, the coat having collar and cuffs of Valenciennes lace, and lace hat to match, trimmed with mauve roses. Some of those invited were Miss Jeanette Osler, aunt of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Colonel and Mrs. Gwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Bath, Mrs. H. F. Osler, Mr. Justice Osler, Mr. Britton Osler, Mr. Osborne, Miss Mary Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, Lady Kirkpatrick, Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Chief Justice and Mrs. MacMahon, Mr. Ernest Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Gwyn, Captain Sweny, the Rev. Professor and Mrs. Clark, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Gordon, Dr. and Miss Nevitt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Worsley, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. Norman Macrae, the Misses Sweatman, Dr. and Miss Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Bogert.

The garden party for the British Medical Association at Government House on Tuesday afternoon was one of those courteous attentions for which the present regime is noted. The Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Mortimer Clark, with Major Macdonald in attendance, received near the entrance to the lawn; while Mrs. Mortimer Clark, in a figured chiffon, and Miss Elise Mortimer Clark, in a dainty white muslin, welcomed friends at first on the verandah, and later on the lawn. The picturesque grounds of Government House were greatly admired by the visitors, and indeed the *tout ensemble*, looking from the terrace across the lawn, with its gaily decorated marquee, the 48th Highlanders' band—a vivid dash of color—and throngs of people, was charming in the extreme. The large number of gentlemen present were kept busy dispensing the ices and iced drinks which seemed almost a

necessity, and Lieutenant Young and Mr. Magee were here and there seeing that no one was overlooked. The majority of the guests were strangers, one especially interesting figure being Dr. Rama Rao of Madras, whose European clothes only enhanced the Oriental appearance of his dark Eastern face surmounted by a snowy turban. A feature of this convention was the presence of a number of lady doctors, and passing from one group to another I wondered if this or that pretty, laughing girl was, in her more serious moments, a member of the medical profession. A few of those present were Dr. and Miss Burnham, the latter looking refreshingly cool in a white gown and hat; Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Miss Hay-Brown, Dr. Porter, who came down from the Royal Muskoka to attend the convention; Mrs. Davidson and Miss Davidson of St. George street; Mrs. Osborne of Woodburn, Rosedale; Mrs. Gunther, Miss Gunther, who has just returned from the Old Country; Mrs. Giles of London, Mrs. Nicoli and Mrs. Dellesnnes of Paris, France; and a host of local doctors and their wives.

Summering at "Bonnie Brae," on Fairy Lake, near Huntsville, are Mrs. S. G. Wood, Miss Mollie Cochrane, Miss Edith Scott, Miss Abbie Bowerman, Miss Lisle Jenkins, Miss Kate Lumbers, and the Rev. Marcus Scott, Mr. McConvey, Mr. Williams, Mr. Jenkins, and Mr. Amos.

Miss Nan Scott, of St. George street, left last Monday for a flying visit to Sparrow Lake.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at St. George's church, Clarksburg, on Wednesday, August 15, when Miss Carrie L. Hartman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hartman of Hillside, Clarksburg, was married to Mr. John Walker of Vancouver, B.C.; the Rev. C. H. Marsh of Lindsay, assisted by the Rev. E. Appleyard, being the officiating clergyman. The bride, who wore a beautiful gown of *point d'esprit* over taffeta, and carried white sweet peas, had, as maid of honor, Miss Dorothy Hartman; and the bridesmaids were Miss Daisy Keys and Miss Fanny Blachford of Toronto. Mr. J. Macdonald Fahey of Toronto was best man; and Dr. H. N. Hartman of Meaford, Mr. J. Harold Hartman of Toronto, and Mr. Stanley Nicholson of Clarksburg, were the ushers. Mr. and Mrs. Walker left for Montreal and New York before returning to their home in the West, carrying with them the good wishes of their many Eastern friends.

Mr. Stuart Jackes, of the Bank of Ottawa, who has been visiting friends in town, and also spent a very enjoyable two weeks on a canoeing trip through Temagami, returned to Lanark last Tuesday.

Miss Rachel Gwyn, daughter of Colonel Gwyn of Dundas, who has spent some time studying vocal music in London, England, sang most delightfully at the Francis-Andras wedding; and, as her many friends are glad to learn, will shortly make her *debut* in Toronto.

The nineteenth annual regatta of the I.A.A.A. is being held this Saturday afternoon on Long Pond, Centre Island, at two o'clock. The only thing which could possibly mar a delightful afternoon's sport would be a downpour of rain; and scores of young people are hoping that the weather will be propitious.

Miss Nan Scott of 85 St. George street returned to town on Monday from a week's visit to Sparrow Lake.

Dr. Russel and Dr. Goodall, who are in town in connection with B.M.A., are, with Dr. William Francis, the guests of Mrs. George Francis at her summer home, Centre Island.

The members and friends of the I.A.A.A. are quite gay this week with the dance on Friday and the annual regatta on Saturday. Colonel and Mrs. Greville Harston expect their two nieces, who are over from Italy, to be in town for the gaieties at the week end.

Miss Delahaye has gone to Ottawa for a visit.

Dr. Osler, who was coming out to the Medical convention and Miss Francis' wedding, was unavoidably detained at the last moment.

Exeter society lost one of its popular members on Wednesday, August 22, when Miss Ethel Farmer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Farmer, was married to Mr. Edmond Westropp Horne, youngest son of the late Gilbert Horne of Stratford. The bride, who was unattended, looked particularly well in a handsome *robe des noces* of lace net over Duchesse satin, with which pearl ornaments were worn. The travelling gown was of grey silk with hat *en suite*. After the wedding journey, which will include a stay of three weeks in Toronto, Ottawa, and that bridal Mecca, Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Horne will make their home in Stratford, where Mr. Horne's people are old residents, and Mr. Horne is now manager of the Standard Bank.

The Rev. Mr. Paterson of Athens, who was for some time curate at St. Paul's church, Bloor street east, is staying at the Island.

Mr. Charles Reisfar of Pittsburg, who is staying at the King Edward, and Mr. Frank W. Lilly of Clarence, N.Y., are two gentlemen who have been enjoying the hospitalities of the Yacht Club.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Mary Magee, daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Magee, to Mr. Henry Terence Skinner (29th Punjabi regiment), son of the late Henry Skinner, M.D., Kingston, is announced to take place Wednesday, September 5.

People staying at summer resorts near town try every conceivable means of making themselves believe that they are living the simple life. One popular method is to have a bonfire to an accompaniment of roast corn and marshmallows, and a particularly jolly affair of this nature was given last week by the guests at Oldfield, Centre Island. Some of those who participated were Mrs. Denison, Miss Cecil Denison, Mrs. Macrae, Mrs. Kenly, Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan, Miss Gretchen Dunstan, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, who came over from Rosedale; the Misses Sweatman, Miss Brenda Smellie, the Misses Webster, Mr. Norton Kenly, Mr. Cassels, Mr. Reade, Mr. Grant, Mr. Will Appleyard, and Mr. Gladman.



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"Wye, it must be some new disease, Bill; they're allus a-dying wiv it."—Tattler.

HOW TO SWIM AND FLOAT

TO float, go out into the water as far as your waist. Throw yourself on your back, facing the shore. Hold your chin up as high as possible. This will submerge your ears, says a writer in *Country Life in America*, but don't let this strange situation worry you. If the water closes over your head, simply close your mouth, and remain still and straight—you will go under for a second only. Now, throw your arms out wide behind your back and throw out your chest. Hold your chin high. Inhale through the mouth. Exhale through the nose. You are now in the ideal floating attitude. Never lift your head. Keep straight and still, chest up, toes showing, chin high, and ears submerged. Try to float as long as possible, because this exercise forms the basis not only for swimming on the back, and for life-saving, but also for sustaining yourself quietly in the water for hours. A thirty-minute float is a very respectable performance.

In treading water, you return from the fish position to your original attitude, head up and feet down. Together with the dog stroke and floating, it is one of the three basic ways of maintaining life in the water. To tread water properly, just imagine that you are going upstairs and move your legs accordingly. Keep moving your arms horizontally from the elbow in a semi-circle, palms downward. Your head will be well out of the water, a valuable point when you wish to summon help, or are about to receive it. An expert water treader can keep his head out of water while using his right arm to grasp a line or signal for help.

The dog stroke is as simple as it is ugly. Throw your dog in and watch him. Then jump in and imitate the dog. If you can't do it at first, keep on till you can. There are no rules. You should now have the confidence necessary to start out on the regulation swimming strokes. The source of them all is the breast stroke. If you have ever watched a frog swim you will know what is expected of you. Imitate the frog. Go out as high as your shoulders. Face the shore. Imagine that you are in a tree, and want to make a leap to a branch above your head. Crouch with your hands at your breast and your legs drawn up under you. Now leap. Send your hands out in front of you, palms down, and sweep them through the water until in line with your shoulders. At the same time you must kick with the legs downward, spreading the legs as much as you can, and kick with heel, not with toe.

For swimming in a rough sea there is nothing like a well-developed breast stroke. It enables you to see at any time where you are going, so you avoid weeds or dangerous wreckage, etc. Remember this: leap forward, rather than kick, and use your heels. Spread your legs, work the scissors grip before crouching. In flinging your arms out, it is palms down; in sweeping them back, it is palms obliquely, and in bringing them back to the breast position it is palms vertical.

If you have any difficulty in negotiating the entire stroke, try the arm movement first, then the legs, while holding on to a rope, and finally the complete stroke. To insure your doing the breast stroke to absolute perfection, do it on dry land first, and prevail on a competent man to watch you. Lie on your stomach across a bench and continue the movements till you get them right.

Swimming on the back from the position of floating means a sweep of the arms and the legs downward from head to foot. Try the arms first. Extend them in line with the shoulder, palms obliquely. Sweep them through the water down the side of your hips. Bring them back with palms facing bottom, or rip them out of the water and fling them over your head, taking a fresh purchase with oblique palms. With each downward or backward sweep of your arms goes a good strong kick with your legs. Pull up your knees and kick back with the heels, so that the legs pass obliquely through the water, the feet as far apart as possible. Again try the scissors grip of the legs in bringing them together, so the heels touch.

When this movement is finished, your arms should be ready and extended in line with shoulders to make a new sweep. The sweep of arms and the kick are simultaneous. The scissors grip occurs as you whip your arms into position for another stroke. Swimming on the back is the most satisfactory and least exhausting stroke for long distances.

The Romance of Deserted Dyea.

I has been just ten years since George Carmack, a "squaw man," and his two Indian companions, "Shookum Jim" and "Tagish Charlie," discovered gold on the rim of what is now known as Bonanza Creek, in the Yukon Territory.

There was but one way to reach the gold fields, and this was overland from the head of the Lynn Canal. One on each of the two tongues of this canal and only a few miles apart, the towns of Dyea and Skagway sprang up and competed for the trade of the treasure-seekers.

The name "Skagway" means "Home of the North Wind." It opened the White Horse route, shorter, but

more dangerous, to the goal. Dyea, an Indian word, meaning to pack or to load, was the headquarters for the Chilkoot Pass.

Tickets were sold from all points to Dyea, and as early as May 1, 1897, more than 1,000 people were in the little Indian town preparing to pack over the mountains. Soon a steel cable tramway was built over the Chilkoot Pass, the main office of which was in Dyea.

Then the tents gave way to substantial frame buildings. Numerous hotels, stores, and banks opened for business, and the once Indian village became a thriving city of 5,000 people.

Skagway also continued to grow, but, says *Leslie's Weekly*, from a different cause. The White Pass was a failure during the summer of 1897. Scarcely ten per cent. of the men who used it ever reached Lake Bennett. Hundreds gave up in despair and returned to their homes in the States, while many settled in Skagway and engaged in various business enterprises.

Finally the railroad was projected, built, and is now being operated from Skagway to White Horse—a distance of 112 miles. The fare is somewhat startling—\$20 one way—and the trip from the terminus of one steamship line on the Lynn Canal to the beginning of another just below the White Rapids is made in fewer hours than it took weeks in the days of 1897 and 1898.

This fixed the fate of Dyea. Its struggle against the city with the iron horse was brief. Thousands of dollars had been invested in land, buildings, and merchandise; a few saw quickly the impending doom, and sold out at a small loss, others lingered in the hope that something unforeseen might happen to turn the tide of fortune, only to be overwhelmed in financial disaster.

The end soon came, and Dyea, with its former streets dimly marked by indentations in the sand heaps, its warehouses still bearing names of merchants, hotels, banks, and dwellings slowly yielding to the ravages of the elements and the vandalism of the Skagwayans, its wharves, once laden with produce of immense value, fallen to decay, is to-day absolutely deserted.

Its name remains on the map, and is mentioned in the Alaska directory as "a discontinued post-office, with telephone communication with Skagway." The "telephone communication" belongs to a man who has a homestead claim in the "suburbs" of the deserted city, and who raises a few vegetables for the Skagway market.

The Mechanism of a Thunder-Storm.

THE following description, in popular language, of the formation and phenomena of the ordinary summer thunder-storm, is from an article contributed to *Amateur Work* (Boston) by Frank P. Smith. The author first notes that such storms as this are usually local, seldom travelling more than a hundred miles from the point of origin. He goes on to say:

"The formation of such storms begins generally in the morning of a hot day with a fairly high humidity. The heat of the sun causes an expansive upward movement of the moisture-laden atmosphere, which, upon reaching the colder heights, is condensed into misty wisps of clouds. These nebulous beginnings increase in size until, about noon, or soon after, they have reached a towering size, and the cloud-masses extend to a great height, and assume the so-called 'anvil' shape of the well-developed thunder-storm.

"This anvil shape of the clouds is the result of air currents which have developed coincidentally with the cloud-masses. The illustration shows a cross-section of a thunder-storm, as far as present-day knowledge enables us to represent graphically the action taking place. The long arrows show the air-currents, and attention is

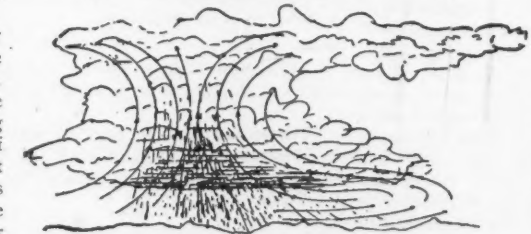


DIAGRAM OF A THUNDER-STORM.

directed to the low, projecting under-currents which denote the approach of the rain-bearing section. The preliminary wind-squall is probably caused partly by the cooling of the atmosphere lying within the shadow of the clouds, which has been deprived of the heat of the sun, and, further, by the air movement which results from the upward motion of the central air-currents.

"As the heated and moisture-laden air rises in the centre of the cloud-mass, it eventually reaches the cooler region of the upper air, and condensation of the moisture follows, and continues until minute droplets of rain are formed. These droplets unite to form larger drops, until they are of such a size that their weight causes them to fall to the ground. . . .

"These raindrops undoubtedly become electrically charged upon their surfaces, and the potential of the charge increases as the smaller drops unite to form larger ones. When the magnitude of the cloud is considered, it will be apparent that these myriads of minute charges in the movement of falling serve to give to the adjacent atmosphere a tremendous electrical charge, which, breaking down the resistance of the air, discharges to earth, for which it has an affinity by reason of its being of opposite polarity.

"Hence the lightning-flash, or rather flashes, as what appears to the eye as one irregular flash is frequently several flashes or surges. Two or more flashes frequently unite near the earth to form one intense flash, the intensity and disruptive effects of which are familiar to all. The greater number of flashes do not reach the earth, but exhaust their energy in breaking down the air gaps between adjacent sections of clouds.

"The thunder results from the violent vibrations of the air caused by the lightning-flashes, which, in breaking down the resistance of the air, create a vacuum of an extent depending upon the intensity of the flash. The air rushes to fill the voids thus caused, creating violent vibrations, which travel long distances, and do not differ in character from other sound-waves, but are of greater amplitude than ordinary, because of the greater forces causing them. The velocity at which sound travels is about 1,100 feet a second, a rough approximation being five seconds to the mile; from which one may readily calculate the distance of the flashes."

Recently Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, the popular English writers, have, in their joint stories, transmitted into gold and fame their intimate acquaintance with the motor car and all its works. They have, too, written some interesting adventures in connection with motor boating. Both husband and wife are motor enthusiasts with a vengeance, and possess deep appreciation of the humors of such craft. "We call our car 'Balzac,'" said Mrs. Williamson once, "because, to use Henry James's phrase about the great writer, its genius is 'violent and complicated.'"

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Mrs. Muggins—The doctor has advised Mrs. Bjoness to take things easy for a while.
Mrs. Bjoness—I wondered why she had discharged her servants and was doing her own work.—Philadelphia "Record."

Appreciation
Dear Doctor: Enclosed find cheque for professional services rendered by you to my late uncle. I thank you for your zeal in the matter and shall not fail to recommend you to all my other wealthy relatives.—Translated from "Megendorfer Blätter."

August

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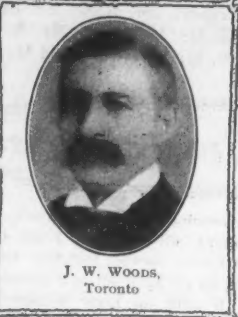
Tourist cars on the Union Pacific are clean and light and airy. Overcrowding in them is a condition that is absolutely avoided. The seats are upholstered in rattan, and at night the berths hung with heavy curtains. Bevel plate glass windows ornament the sides of the cars; the wide vestibules are enclosed and traveling is made altogether comfortable.

If you cross the continent in one of the tourist sleepers of the Union Pacific you will enjoy your trip and save considerable money.

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TORONTO THE INVESTOR MONTREAL



J. W. Woods,
Toronto

THE monetary situation here is pretty much in the condition one would expect. While the available cash for investment is by no means great, the activity of trade is making unusually large demands upon loanable capital, thus materially curtailing the amount of floating money. The capitalization of new enterprises, together with an unusually large increase in new stock issues, have also made heavy demands upon the resources of the wealthy, and it is to this fact chiefly that the inactivity in speculation is attributed. There is not likely to be much increase in the dealings on the stock exchanges until the supply of money becomes more abundant, and this will depend chiefly on the liquidation of loans. The expansion in credits has been very large the past year, and banks have drawn very largely upon their resources. With an extension in loans and discounts of from \$95,000,000 to \$97,000,000 the past twelve months, and an increase of \$72,000,000 in deposits, it is not surprising that money is tight, and that offerings for speculative purposes are very limited at the present time.

The speculative movement in American securities within the week was contrary to all precedent. Money conditions along the line do not warrant any wild speculation. Rates for both call and time money are advancing, and this is suggestive. Bank reserves are low, and will go lower, for the demands for currency to meet grain purchases, which will not be less than \$30,000,000, have not yet made themselves felt. Surplus bank reserves, as reported a week ago, were practically the same as the figure reported at this time in 1902, but \$2,200,000 below 1905; \$7,900,000 below 1899, and \$2,300,000 below 1896—all of which were years of severe money stringency.

Speculative business in Toronto continues on a limited scale. The feeling is increasing that there will be a good market for securities in the autumn, and already there is much talk that many of the companies will do better with their shareholders in the near future. What will the C.P.R. do with the proceeds of its land sales? It is rumored that some scheme will be devised, probably by the formation of a land company, through which shareholders will receive some benefits. An increase in the dividend of Sovereign Bank is hinted at, and one also hears that the common shareholders in the coal and steel issues will get some reward before long. The prominent stocks in the movement this week were Canadian Pacific and Twin City. Advances were due and in sympathy with the higher prices for these issues on Wall Street. The bond market is said to have improved in Canada, with sales for the first seven months of the year well up to those of the same period of last year. While insurance companies are not buying as extensively as they did a year ago, small investors have been in the market right along, and the total purchases have been quite large.

An interim report has been issued by the Mexican Light and Power Co., Limited. The three companies providing the city of Mexico with light and power have been absorbed. The city itself has 500,000 people, and is growing rapidly, and the company is also extending its system of distribution to twelve other towns, and to mining centers. The company estimates that it can develop 200,000 horse-power from its concessions on the Necaxa and Tereango rivers. The statement shows that by January, 1907, the company will be earning about 8 per cent. on the common stock. It is stated that the company will have to spend \$1,000,000 over and above the estimated net profit for the year 1907 for extensions, but the new works are expected to be very productive, and net earnings of \$300,000 gold per month are ultimately looked for. The company has made big new contracts, and claims that it has one of the biggest plants in the world. The gross earnings for the first six months of the year were \$1,754,833. Mexican currency, while the estimate for the year 1906 is \$4,012,000. The estimated operating expenses for the year are placed at \$1,440,000. This would leave net earnings of \$2,572,000 (Mexican money), or \$1,286,000 in gold. These are conservative figures, and will be increased. By January, 1907, the general manager estimates the net earnings will be \$157,000 per month in gold. It is hoped that by January, 1908, the net profits will be \$190,000 (gold) per month.

Seldom in the history of Wall Street has there been wrought so sudden and complete a change in public sentiment as has been witnessed during the past week. The action of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific directors has created the slogan of "dividends and increased dividends on everything." The outside public is becoming thoroughly awakened, and it is to be feared that common caution will soon be thrown to the winds, especially as the current movement has not only the sanction but the active support of at least one of the most powerful banking factions of the Street. In certain strong quarters, however, sharp criticism is heard of the methods used by the Harriman party, and it would not be surprising if marked resistance developed to any big bull movement at this time. The market has attained such tremendous momentum, however, that it is difficult to see how the rise can be stopped until it has run its natural course. It is equally difficult to see how any sustained upward movement can be financed. The reserves of New York banks are now slightly over \$7,000,000, and with values appreciating at such a lively rate, it will be only a question of time until the last dollar available for speculative purposes has been used. As against this argument, however, it must be borne in mind that if the Union Pacific policy is followed in other directions, many stocks at current prices will attract large investors who have been lending money on time rather than buying securities which yield less than 5 per cent.

The Bank of England has practically recovered itself from the effect of the San Francisco disaster. Although the harvest is now in full swing, and the holiday demands for money reported by the joint stock banks are in excess of anything known for many years past—a striking tribute to the trade prosperity and the increased spending power of the country—there is a very strong financial position, and the Bank of England easily secures the bulk of the gold arriving in England, and foreign exchanges are satisfactory. Some writers claim that once trade slackens in Britain there will be such a glut of money in

that country as has not been witnessed for the past decade. This is the more remarkable owing to the great depletion of the world's capital in the prolonged wars in South Africa and in the Far East. The money market authorities constantly point out how very strong is the London financial position, even in the face of exorbitant demands made by trade upon the resources. Throughout the country, with the exception here and there of an isolated industry, trade is fairly humming, and profits are being accumulated, and, as yet, have found no outlet in the investment world. Certainly the slackness of the last year or two, and more especially the utter market destitution of the past eight months, has allowed splendid ground work to be prepared for the future. Indeed, looking ahead, we may say with a good deal of confidence that not for many years past has there been so much ground for hopeful expectations.

The decline in the prices of wheat to the lowest quotations since the autumn of 1902, brings up again the question of prices as bearing on farmers' profits. The feeling is that with the West's big promise in the size of harvests, the loss in price will be made up by increased yields. The aggregate crops of all grains in the United States, based on the August report, suggest a yield of 4,422,934,000 bushels. This, it is true, would be 95,000,000 bushels less than harvested last year. But the decrease is wholly due to the yield of oats, for which the present price is higher than a year ago. A perfect crop of winter wheat has been raised this year for the first time in the history of wheat growing. The yield per acre in the United States, as given by the Government, is 16.7 bushels, compared with 14.3 bushels in 1905, with 15.3 bushels in the previous high yield of 1898, when the crop of winter was 380,000,000 bushels, and with 15 bushels in 1901, when the yield was 429,675,000 bushels, and when the aggregate crop of all wheat rose to 748,000,000. The yield per acre in the Province of Ontario this year is over 20 bushels per acre for fall wheat, and in the Canadian North-West the average yield for spring wheat is also over 20 bushels to the acre.

Sir Felix Schuster, whose semi-annual addresses to the shareholders of his bank, the Union of London & Smith's, are always received with great respect and interest by the London banking community, had this to say on such an occasion, a week or two ago, of the American market's foreign borrowings: In the United States there has been a period of great expansion, of extensive railway construction, of speculative activity, especially in real estate, which, according to some good judges, has reached its climax, and is on the decrease. But these vast operations have, according to some good judges, to contend with the obstacle of an inelastic currency and a banking system which, also according to some good judges, does not adapt itself to the needs of the country's business, so that, after periods of prosperity, a process of readjustment of values has to take place. These conditions were making themselves felt prior to the San Francisco disaster, which further accentuated them, leading to the creation of a considerable amount of American indebtedness to Europe, not only in the placing here of investment stocks of a more or less permanent character, but also of short-dated loans, very large in amount. As far as our own markets are concerned, the feature is not unsatisfactory. It shows that we have been able to reassert our position as lenders—as the true international money market; and though we should be mindful of the indebtedness of our money market to Japan, this is more than outweighed, in all probability, by the indebtedness of the United States to this and other European markets. The United States themselves appear to have another abundant harvest in sight, which should go a long way towards their meeting this indebtedness without much difficulty.

The Creator of Aniline Dyes.

D. R. W. H. PERKIN, whose jubilee, as the discoverer of the method of manufacturing mauve from coal tar refuse, the scientific world recently celebrated, was only seventeen years old when, having worked for some time under the great Professor Hofmann, he was promoted to the position of assistant in the latter's research laboratory. Professor Hofmann mentioned to the young man the artificial production of quinine as being a great desideratum, and the latter lost no time in getting to work on the problem, which Hofmann himself was convinced could not be solved. The young chemist, however, thought otherwise, and in the course of his experiments adopted the then usual method of adding certain elements and subtracting others. Instead of obtaining quinine, however, he got only "a dirty reddish brown precipitate," to use his own words. In the next trial he got a black precipitate, which was found to contain the coloring matter known as aniline purple, or mauve. These experiments were made in a rough laboratory constructed in his own room, though he was only able to work in the evening or on occasional holidays, his time being wholly taken up with his regular work as Professor Hofmann's assistant. The coloring matter he obtained young Perkin soon found possessed all the properties of a dye, and resisted the action of light remarkably well. Though its production was costly, he was persuaded that it might be turned to commercial advantage, and accordingly he submitted a sample to Messrs. Pullar, a firm of dyers in Perth, who expressed a very high opinion as to its value.

Only one firm in Great Britain was then dyeing cotton fabrics lilac, but the color was not "fast," and faded on exposure to light and air. Within two months the Perkin process was patented. Although the results were not immediately as encouraging as could be desired, the young discoverer determined to undertake the process on a commercial basis. He told Hofmann of what he intended doing, but his old professor tried to dissuade him from going on with the matter, persuaded that it must end in total failure. Young Perkin's father had more faith, however, and expressed his willingness to embark some capital in the building of a factory. His brother, too, joined him in the business, which was hardly started ere an extraordinary demand sprang up. Dyers used the product as fast as it could be manufactured.—Grand Magazine.

For the first time in thirteen years the United States Government will purchase silver for coinage purposes, tenders to be delivered weekly at the Philadelphia, New Orleans, and Denver mints.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

The Bank of Hamilton draws direct on correspondents in all of the principal foreign cities, and issues drafts on and makes collections in all parts of the world.

It provides tourists and commercial travelers with foreign and domestic Letters of Credit, and with International Cheques, available throughout the world. Foreign Exchange Bought and Sold.

Ninety Branches. **BANK OF HAMILTON** Total Assets \$29,000,000.
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OUR restaurants are now open, and we are prepared to cater to the particular people of Toronto in a manner never before attempted in this city.

The **St. Charles**

CORNER YONGE AND MELINDA STREETS

Our Certificate of Efficiency.



A protection to graduates, to employers and to ourselves.

Pittsburg Millionaires.

The Duke of Rutland has just died in England at the ripe age of eighty-six. All his life he had the control of vast estates and ample wealth. He was twice married, but never divorced. He had literary gifts, ambitions and accomplishments. Cultured tastes made him fit for refined society.

What a contrast such a life, not unusual among the British aristocracy, presents to those of so many suddenly rich men out of Pittsburg! It cannot be something in the smoky Pittsburg atmosphere which makes its men change their wives when they become rich. The divorces, murders, extravagances and general notoriety which the Pittsburg millionaires inflict on public attention must result from general primary causes.—New York "World."

High Fare.

He was a new Congressman from a rural district of a Western State, relates "Harper's," and though his native town boasted a car-line, it was of the horse-drawn style, and you dropped a nickel in a glass cash-box.

It happened that the first time he boarded an electric car in Washington the car was rather well filled, and the conductor was passing through yelling "Fares!" at the top of his voice. The new member handed over

a quarter, and received in return five tickets—these selling at the rate of six for twenty-five cents. Two blocks farther on they passed a transfer station, and a number of people boarded the car. Again the conductor passed through with his shout for fares. The member handed over a ticket. Five times this occurred, and then the conductor addressed the Western passenger:

"Say, I thought you gave me a ticket about a block back?"
"I did," the member replied, solemnly. "And here's where I get off," he added, as the car came to a stop at a corner. "This may be all right for these folks, paying a fare every two blocks, but it's too rich for my blood!"

Side Trips for Medical Delegates.

For delegates from outside of Canada, points in Britain, Maritime Provinces, United States, Mexico, and points west of Port Arthur, to all points in Canada at single fare for round trip. Good going daily until September 1st, returning until September 30th.

Full particulars at Grand Trunk City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

Russell Sage bequeathed the public nothing but a bunch of maxims that nobody could follow but himself.—Chicago "News."

Huyler's
 HAVE OPENED
 THEIR ATTRACTIVE TORONTO STORE
 AT
130-132 YONGE STREET
 DELICIOUS & TEMPTING
 ORDERS WILL BE PROMPTLY
 AND CAREFULLY FILLED FOR
BONBONS AND CHOCOLATES.
 PURE! FRESH! DELICIOUS!
 ALSO LARGE LINE OF
 FANCY BOXES, BASKETS, FANES & NOVELTIES.
OUR ICE CREAM SODA
 AND OTHER FOUNTAIN DRINKS
 ARE UNEQUALLED.
 CARRIES OUT EVERYWHERE BY WAGON OR EXPRESS.
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 OPEN EVENINGS.

Prescriptions

Andrew Jeffrey,

Yonge and Carlton Streets.

TROPHY, MEDAL AND CUP MAKER

We have just finished making the medals and cups for the Toronto and Don Rowing Clubs' Dominion Day Regatta, the Muskoka Lakes Association and the Canadian Henley at St. Catharines.

SPECIALIST IN PRIZES

JEWELRY PARLORS
JAS. D. BAILEY,
 75 Yonge St.
 N. E. Corner King. Elevator.

The Louvre

During the coming week we will be pleased to show some very choice models of our own design; also some French and New York pattern hats. Visitors to the Exhibition will find this a rare opportunity to select a chic model for autumn wear. We have also added to our stock a few lines of very choice furs.

109 King St. West

EXHIBITION VISITORS

Come to Cook's Turkish Baths.

They are the most up-to-date Baths on the Continent. When you arrive in the city, bring your grip, check it, and secure your bed, or room. You can come in at any hour at night, have a good, exhilarating bath, a restful sleep, wake up in the morning ready to enjoy a shower, or swim in the magnificent marble swimming bath, while a tasty breakfast is being prepared. This is the best way to enjoy a visit to Toronto and the Exhibition.

Cook's Turkish and Russian Baths, 202-204 King St. W.

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 Hours 9:30 a.m.—6 p.m. 2 College Street
 MANICURING Corner Yonge
 At the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake
 Mondays and Tuesdays.

The Final Analysis.

Berzelius, the Swedish chemist, made most of his experiments in the kitchen, with his cook as his only assistant.

"What is your master?" asked one of his neighbors.
 "Oh, he is a chemist."
 "What's that?" "What does he do?"
 "Well, I will tell you. He has something in a big bottle, then he pours it into a smaller one, and then again into quite a tiny bottle."
 "Well, and what happens to it?"
 "Oh, then I throw it away."—New York Tribune.

YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING.

XX.



MR. WALTER C. REID,
 First Lieutenant 32nd Lancers, Stationed at Sialkote,
 Punjab, India.

Social and Personal

Chalmers church was the scene of a quiet but very pretty wedding on Wednesday afternoon, when the marriage took place of Miss Fanny May Wicher, B.A., to Mr. E. F. Burton, M.A. The wedding had a distinctly college tone; the bride and groom being well-known graduates of University College, Toronto, and the best man and ushers, members of the Chi Deita Psi, to which fraternity Mr. Burton belongs. At half-past two o'clock the bride, looking very sweet, was brought in by her brother, Mr. Herbert Wicher. Her wedding gown, sent from Paris, was of white lace over satin and chiffon. She wore a tulle veil over a wreath of flowers, and carried a bouquet of white roses and lily of the valley. The bridesmaid, Miss Alda Burton, sister of the groom, wore white *pointe d'esprit*, and white hat, and carried pink roses. The bridal party was led by a sweet little flower girl, Miss Blanche Burton, the groom's niece, in a dainty frock of white, and carrying a basket of asters. The best man was Mr. T. N. Phelan, and the ushers Mr. J. Sherry and Mr. G. S. Hodgson. The ceremony was performed by the bride's brother, the Rev. Edward Wicher, assisted by the Rev. E. A. Pearson of Centennial Methodist church, and the Rev. H. Macpherson of Chalmers church. At the conclusion of the service a small reception, to which only intimate friends of the bride and groom were invited, was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wicher. After receiving the congratulations of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Burton left for a honeymoon in Muskoka, and on their return will reside at 129 Howland avenue.

If there has been any lingering doubt in the minds of our British kinsmen as to the inappropriateness of the title "Lady of the Snows," when applied to Canada, the weather they encountered the week of the convention should have effectually dispelled it. To those who could sit and fan themselves in some shady nook, the heat was sufficiently oppressive; but the effect on people who were being rushed from breakfast to convention, from convention to luncheon, from luncheon to garden party, from garden party to dinner, and from dinner to reception, must have been prostrating. Toronto has been very lavish in her hospitalities the past week, and even if it were possible to give a *resumé* of all the "doings," it would be of doubtful interest to those who have been following the accounts in the daily press. The private entertaining is, of course, more enjoyable; and two that promise to be particularly delightful are Dr. Bruce's garden party on Thursday, for which at time of writing the weather promised to be favorable; and a similar affair given by Mr. and Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh, Rosedale, on Friday afternoon.

Miss Hugel and Miss Virginia Hugel, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Porteous, at the Island of Orleans, for the last three weeks, are now staying in Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, with their little daughter and maid, are at that charming summer resort, the New Ocean House, Swampscott, Mass. Some other Toronto people also holidaying there are Mrs. Sidney Green, Miss Betty Green, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. A. Proctor, who recently returned from England, have gone up to Jackson's Point, where they will be the guests of Mr. Proctor's mother during the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. Irving, Miss Terry Irving, Mrs. A. D. MacIntosh, and Miss Ada Briggs, sailed for Canada on August 23. During their extended trip abroad they have been wandering from one point of interest to another, their most lengthy sojourn being made in Italy, where they spent three months, visiting the principal art galleries. Mrs. MacIntosh will leave town again almost directly, to be present at a wedding which takes place in Detroit early in September.

With September only a week away, and Exhibition visitors almost upon us, it would seem that the reign of the summer girl was nearly over. But there were no signs of abdication at last week's I.A.A.A. dance, when an unusually large number of pretty girls and stalwart youths availed themselves of the perfect floor, and cool sitting-out places of the club-house. During the evening, in the corner sacred to the patronesses and chaperons, were seen Mrs. Macrae, Mrs. Eastwood, Mrs. Ardagh, Mrs. Horrocks, Mrs. Madden, Mrs. Dyas, Mrs. Huckvale, and Mrs. Goad; while Mr. and Mrs. Lennox, Mr. and Mrs. Darrell, and Mr. and Mrs. Pennington, were some of the married people present. Although at the fag end of the season, the sister of the brutal small boy who described her as looking like "the last rose of summer tied up in a red rag," was not to be seen; and in addition to the usual coterie who have been mentioned from week to week were Miss Davidson, a visitor from Montreal; Miss Nora Stephenson, of Vancouver, B.C., one of the prettiest girls and a most popular partner; Miss Flint, in a blue and

white Peter Pan, whom I heard one man call a typical summer girl; Miss Dorothy Tait, Miss Mitchell, and a charming brown-eyed girl, Miss Enid Alexander, in pink. As one girl expressed it, there were "men to burn," and amongst those who assisted in the hot time were Mr. Heintzman, Mr. Jim Francis, Mr. Beck, Mr. Lionel Ridout, Mr. Will Appleyard, Mr. McKinlay, Mr. A. B. Clark, Mr. Waller, Mr. Warren, Mr. E. Evans, and Mr. Foley.

Notes From Niagara

TO the true sportsman, heat, apparently, is a matter of no moment whatsoever. Even these August days, everyone meets for the ten o'clock mail, and then on to keep an appointment at the club, ending up with an hour before luncheon, cooling off in front of the hotel; the entire Turkish process, minus the bath! The less energetic feign industry with a bit of fancy work within earshot of the morning concert, the betwixt and between, what someone has called the domestic sport class, preferring a corner of the Golf Club porch, where one can be so ostentatiously in the golf world, and so safely and comfortably not of it. This last mode of time expenditure was obviously the most desirable.

Golf events must be crowded into this week, as the international tennis tournament commences the week of the 27th, and promises to be of the sort still sighed after as the "olden days," which were "not like this at all." So many people have announced their intention of coming over for it that spirits temporarily depressed by the exodus from Fort Niagara are visibly brightening, although Mr. Malin's departure for his home in Philadelphia on Sunday evening, struck us a blow from which we shall be slow to recover. While Mr. Malin "specialized" to an exasperating degree, it was so discriminatingly done that pity is the one feeling we have for ourselves, and blame the last we would feel for him; and his departure is a matter of the deepest regret to us all.

Mrs. and Miss Coulston have also left us, Miss Coulston being a much missed partner Saturday evening.

The finals for the Clark Cup have not yet been decided, there being a little girl still in the running who plays a wonderfully good game, and will give Miss Biddome plenty to do. Play is also still in progress at the upper club for the Syer Cup. A ladies' nine from Rosedale are expected at the old club on Thursday, and will be entertained at luncheon at the club-house between rounds. Mrs. Clark gave prizes for a mixed foursome on Saturday, which were won by Mrs. Lewis and Mr. Griener. Quite a number of people came over for tea, though the sports at the Queen's Royal naturally claimed many. On Friday afternoon Mrs. Clark also gave prizes for a putting contest, Miss Biddome and Miss Foy being even on eighteen holes, the nineteenth and the prize falling to Miss Biddome. Putting is distinctly "soft drinks" in golf; but many of us prefer lemonade and ginger beer, or say we do, so the entry list is always a long one. Mrs. Kirkover and Mrs. Borden also entertained at an approach and put Monday afternoon, somewhat of a novelty, inasmuch as the putting was done at the first, eighth, and ninth holes, which all lie pretty well together, the approach being made from flags put, some distance out. Miss Biddome was lucky again, being first for the ladies, Mr. Enwright winning out for the men.

Friday was children's day, the fancy dress dance being an affair counted upon and looked forward to by them all the season through. Promptly at nine o'clock, the children marched down to the Casino, dainty little Louise Walton leading in the serpentine and the wheel with a grace and a total absence of self-consciousness charming to see, the whole thing being so perfectly gone through with, that Miss Garrett and Miss Edwards, stationed at either end of the room, found themselves with really nothing to do. Miss Jessie Thompson, in her quaint gown and her hair drawn down over her ears in the puffs of our grandmothers' day, was an "Old Fashioned Girl," so sweet as to win everyone's admiration, and later at the hands of the judges, first prize. Second place was for Miss Violet Edwards, who, as "just a little girl" in a short baby frock, a tight little embroidery bonnet, and with a big woolly white bear in her arms, was the prettiest "child" one has seen for a long time. Jim Foy, jr., a tiny "chef," stood out in the centre of the room like the little man that he is, to receive the judge's verdict, and there can be only one verdict where baby Jim is concerned. That he should win the first for the boys was a foregone conclusion, and he bore his honors bravely. There were a great many attractive costumes, some wonderful Indians, and a "bunch of coons," in which disguise it took all evening to discover the "Foy family." The Foyes were carrying off prizes "Gala Day" also, Mr. Jim Foy winning out in the tennis tournament, and also in one of the races in the afternoon, much to the amusement of his younger brother.

An engagement of great interest to everyone here, the news of which only reached us Saturday evening, is that of Miss Sizer, of Buffalo, to Mr. Darrell Warren. Miss Sizer has spent several summers here, where she is very popular, and only this season spent the two weeks of the encampment with Miss Warren at "Paradise." Canada is certainly to be congratulated upon the win of the pretty and fascinating American. There is also a rumor that an equally sweet and popular Canadian will shortly go "over the border," and even another, but of course this is merely conjecture.

The Saturday dance, while not large, was yet a very jolly one, and there were two good-sized rings for the Paul Jones.

Mr. Parker and Mr. Anding had somehow managed to evade the clutches of the law (military) and were dancing Saturday evening. They will be at Fort Niagara until Friday, when they go on to Sea Girt for the shooting. Mr. Gordon Magee was down from Cobalt, and here for both the Wednesday and Saturday hops, and some bridge in between. Mr. McKenzie was also over for the week-end. Everyone was glad to see pretty little Miss Medland, who was so popular here two seasons ago, and hope she has come to stay. Miss Biddome was another popular partner in a very becoming evening gown. Others noticed among the dancers were Miss Miller (Buffalo), Miss Fleischman, Miss Lansing, looking her best in a pretty white frock, and with her, her cousin Miss Turner, of New York, attractive and very prettily gowned; Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Kirkover, Mrs. Borden, Miss Edwards, Miss Violet Edwards, Miss Howard of Buffalo, in pale blue radium, who, with Miss and Mr. Miller, and Mr. George Howard, dined at the hotel that evening; Mr. Jim Foy, Mr. Shaw Malin, Miss Garrett, Miss Nora Warren, Miss Clarkson ones, Mr. Warren, Mr. E. Foy, Miss Gertrude Foy, Mr. Harold Suydam, Miss Helen McLean, and Dr. Larned.

Niagara-on-the-Lake, August 21st.

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THE DRAMA

WHEN the last audience of the season of 1905-1906 at the Princess fled out of the King street theater, the lights were not turned off. Work on the reconstruction of the theater began that night, and it has been in progress ever since. Before the season closed Messrs. B. C. Whitney, the lessee, and O. B. Sheppard, the manager of the Princess, were in consultation with Mr. George D. Mason, the well-known architect of famous theaters, and the plans for a brighter and more commodious theater were ready when it was possible for the actual reconstruction operations to begin. The result is that the Princess, which, of course, is still the first-class theater of Toronto, has been entirely reconstructed, and it will be ready for the first production of "Captain Careless" on Monday night next.

In the reconstruction of the theater only the walls have been left untouched, and its patrons this season will find it entirely new, and it is to be hoped altogether pleasing. The stage, proscenium arch, boxes, lower floor, balcony and gallery have all been rebuilt, and the interior architecture is a complete departure from the old building. The seating capacity is greatly increased, and one of the results attained by Architect Mason has been to provide an ab-

Another change that will strike the visitor is the large dome constructed in the ceiling for ventilation purposes. This has been exquisitely decorated with lights which, to the spectator below, gleam like pearls.

A new ladies' room has been provided, but Manager Sheppard has apparently devoted his best efforts to the gentlemen's smoking-room, now opening off the lobby. This beautiful room is finished with a high antique oak wainscoting, above which nouveau stencilling in panels is inlaid, being topped by an exquisite frieze. The hardwood floor is partially covered with rich rugs, and the divans and the heavy tables and easy chairs are of English oak. The chandeliers in quaint octagon frames, with art glass globes, are supported from the rafters of the ceiling by heavy wrought iron chains. An electric motor and fan in one corner is designed to carry away the smoke.

The foyer itself is finished in greyish brown oak and the decorations are in keeping. The awkward steps formerly in the foyer have been removed and there is now an easy incline from the street to the auditorium.

The business offices of the theater have also been rebuilt, but that is of no particular interest to the play-going public. It may be said, however, that many other charms will be found in the Princess by the theater-

Broadway," which created a furore in New York this summer, and he is also the composer of "Seeing New York," a musical extravaganza which last night closed an engagement of fourteen weeks at the New York Theater.

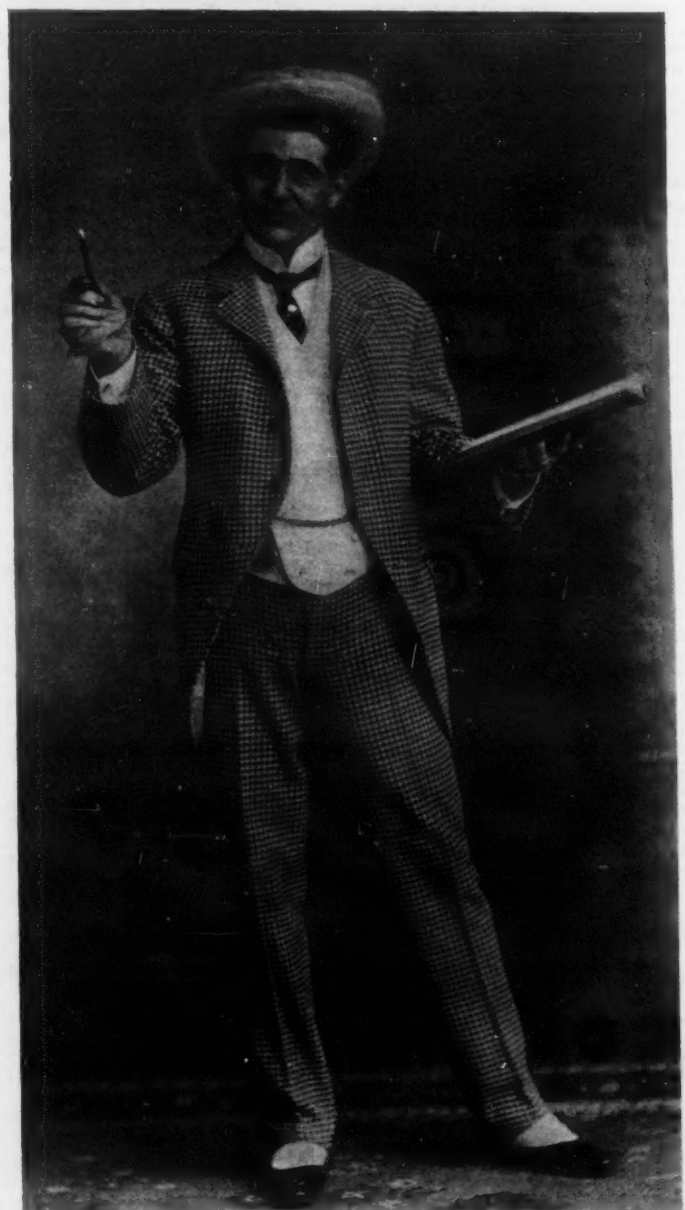
The Whitney productions for years have been noted for their extravagance in scenic investiture and costuming, notable examples being the Lulu Glaser production of "Dolly Varden," Madame Schumann Heineck's production of "Love's Lottery," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Rob Roy," and others; but "Captain Careless" is said to excel all the others in elaborate scenic settings and picturesque costuming, as the locale of the opera affords unusual opportunities. The scene of the first act is laid in Gibraltar on the neutral ground between Spain and the British possessions. This scene shows the Harbor, the Grand Hotel, Captain Careless' yacht, "The Wild Duck," and the famous Rock of Gibraltar in the distance. The stage is filled with British and Spanish soldiers, tourists, flower-girls, and the cosmopolitan crowd usually to be found at Mediterranean seaports. The second act represents an old Spanish castle, which is used by "Captain Careless" as a rendezvous for the American heiresses who are abducted by his band of pirates, and held for ransom.

Mr. John E. Henshaw, who is best remembered here for his portrayal of "Mr. Pineapple" in "A Chinese Honeymoon" two seasons ago, and as "William Henry Spangles" in "The Shoo Gun" last season, is the star of the organization, and appears as "Bigamy Little," a Yankee drummer, who is engaged in promoting chocolates and chiclets into foreign countries. He is ably supported by May Ten Broeck, Alice York (Toronto's own prima donna), Forrest Huff, formerly the leading baritone with Lulu Glaser, Mme. Schumann Heineck, and other well-known stars; also Elfreda Busing, the well-known contralto; Sol Solomon, the diminutive comedian, who was conspicuous in all of the Lederer productions at the New York Casino; Harry Lane, Walter Ware, Francis Golden, and a dozen others, including the Five Nosses. It is said to be a particularly strong singing organization, the chorus numbering about sixty people.

A flashlight photograph of the audience will be made Monday night just before the curtain rises on the first act.

After alterations extending over a period of two months, and during which time it was necessary to labor night and day in order to complete the work, the Grand Opera House will reopen for the season on Monday evening next. The improvements have been extensive and costly. The balcony and gallery have been enlarged by extending them back some twenty feet towards the rear wall. The old horseshoe design has also been done away with. An extension has also been made to the lower floor. The space between the rows has been widened, and an extensive promenade set apart at the back of the auditorium. The ground floor will also be seated with comfortable, modern upholstered chairs. A new smoking-room, ladies' retiring-room, and cloak-room, conveniently located and appropriately furnished, have been constructed, and will no doubt be appreciated by the patrons of this popular theater.

The color scheme is in excellent taste. The ceiling has been finished in cream and gold, and the walls in



JOHN E. HENSHAW.
Leading Man in "Captain Careless" at the Princess Next Week.

solutely perfect sight-line from every seat in the house to the stage. By the use of modern steel frame-work, it has been possible to remove a number of pillars in the lower floor, and the arrangement of the balconies has been such that from every part of the auditorium a clear and unobstructed view of the stage is possible.

One of the improvements upon the stage has been the installation of what is said to be one of the best theatrical electrical plants in America. The plant is installed in a concrete and steel vault, and the wires to every part of the theater are encased in iron conduits. The plant, which includes a massive switchboard, was designed and installed by Craig & Greeniaus, and affords absolute protection from danger of fire. The new proscenium arch has a most graceful outline, and is beautifully decorated, following the style of the French renaissance, which is also apparent in the entire scheme of interior decoration. Adorning the wide sweep of balcony and gallery will be found beautiful plaster relief work in two shades of bronze yellow. The boxes are hung with red velvet draperies, with a background of rich green. These boxes are set much lower than they were last year, and loges have been introduced. The general color scheme of the auditorium includes dark shades of red and green, which give it a very cosy appearance. A thick cork carpet covers the entire ground floor, this being for the purpose of reducing to a minimum the noise which the seating of a large audience always creates.

loving public this season, and that this house is now in every way a modern place of amusement.

Monday night, 27th inst., is opening night at the Princess Theater, when B. C. Whitney will present, for the first time on any stage, the new romantic comic opera in two acts, "Captain Careless." The book is by Robert M. Baker, a Harvard man, who, for several years, in collaboration with R. A. Barnet of Boston, has written all of the extravaganzas produced by the Boston Cadets, and which have afterwards usually found their way to the professional stage. Their efforts included "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Cap of Fortune," and last year's success, "Miss Pocahontas," which is to be produced at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, this season by Klaw & Erlanger.

The music is by Clifton Crawford, a young Scotchman, who came to America about six years ago for the purpose of instructing Boston's Back-bay's society set in the intricacies of golf. His first composition to attract attention was the little song entitled "Nancy Brown," which was sung by Mary Cahill with such success in "The Wild Rose" as to make her famous in a single night, and so strongly was she identified with this song that when she blossomed forth as a full-fledged star the following season, she christened the musical comedy in which she appeared "Nancy Brown." Mr. Crawford has composed other successful songs, among them "The Sunnyside of



ELFREDA Busing,
Contralto with John E. Henshaw in "Captain Careless" at the Princess Next Week.

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PRINCESS FAIR WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY AUGUST 27th

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HENSHAW, IN THE ROMANTIC COMIC OPERA
CAPTAIN CARELESS

BOOK BY ROBT. M. BAKER : MUSIC BY CLIFTON CRAWFORD : STAGED BY
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50 CAST CHORUS AND ENSEMBLE OF 80
REGULAR MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Opening of
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MATINEE WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY

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ABIJAH BOOZE

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do not appear likely to wear out for seasons to come. "The Yankee Consul" and the catchy songs it includes are, indeed, so well known that "they need no further introduction."

Klaw and Erlanger's production of George V. Hobart's new musical vaudeville, "The Ham Tree," in which they will present the famous black-face comedians, McIntyre and Heath, is an innovation in musical plays. This attraction will be the bill at the Princess Theater for the second week of the Exhibition, commencing September 3. McIntyre & Heath have been before the public in negro acts more than twenty-five years, and they are regarded by all authorities of the stage as perhaps the two ablest men in their line of impersonation. They are surrounded by an excellent company of over 100 people, which includes a great chorus of dancing boys and girls. A dancing team of thirty appear in one feature of the performance. "The Ham Tree" is said to be a notable play, not only of its de-

(Continued on Page 18.)

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Athletics

THE objection has often been raised against professional sport that it is devoid of that noble spirit of rivalry which is the birthright of every true amateur. This birthright the professionals, it is said, sell for their mess of pottage, the weekly pay envelope, the sad symbol of sordid barter. Like mercenaries they fight for gain, not glory, and care not under which standard they serve as long as there is a paymaster in the ranks. These athletic freebooters are given to plunder and rapine, are subject to sedition and mutiny, and will sell a game with as little scruple as the Italian condottieri surrendered a fortress in the days of the Venetian Empire. Treason has an ugly sound, and that is why some people are as shy of the professional athlete as of a loaded bomb.

Such prejudices, however, are not very strong to-day. There is, of course, as there will always be, the disgruntled loser, who insists that the game, or the race, was fixed, that the umpire was bought and some of the players turned traitor. This is the type of person that sits at ease in a shaded stand and showers malodorous curses upon the player who fumbles the ball or misses the goal. "That fellow," he cries, "has been bribed to make those errors." It does indeed appear reasonable that yonder athlete, in his neat hiring's livery, who makes his living from swinging that bat and juggling that ball, should perform both operations with unflinching accuracy. The skilled carpenter—so we fondly imagine—always hits the nail on the head, the mason never lays his brick out of true; why is the professional athlete, another skilled artisan, lax in his work? By every law of value for value received this should not be, but, like many other seemingly impossible things, as pure meat and non-partizan politicians, it exists, contrary to reason. The mistakes of professionals, my fine friend in the grandstand, for all your cry of "Thief!" do not always argue bribery and treason. That blue-shirted individual is, I admit, playing atrociously, but it is foreign to his nature to do otherwise. You might bribe him with all the gold of the Klondike or the diamonds of Johannesburg, a life annuity, a seat in Parliament and other praemia sine numero, and he could do no better. The trouble is that the false, democratic ideas of the day have spread to sport. Any man can become president or poet laureate or billionaire if he but makes up his mind, says the popular orator. All men are equal and each as good as his neighbor. The only difference between the beggar and the capitalist is the difference between pull and the square deal. So some think that any man can play first-class lacrosse or errorless baseball if it is made worth his while, and if a professional plays poorly it is because he is paid to "throw" the game.

The distrust of the professional was once upon a time well founded. Before now whole flocks of innocent sheep have been sheared, hundreds of helpless pigeons have been plucked at fake running races and fixed boxing matches. What tales we have heard of runners who, striving to run themselves "out," raced to victory, of boxers who, losing their temper, won the bout which they themselves had wagered to lose! A professional athlete was looked upon as nothing better than a gambler's confederate, a sort of pickpocket's decoy, who held the onlookers' attention while their pockets were rifled. It was these practices, they say, which killed professional foot-racing in England, and threatened to blacklist the turf until jockey clubs stepped in, and all-seeing stewards and lynx-eyed judges, the Nemesis that overtakes dishonest jockeys. All that, however, is an old tale. In our own land the professional has rehabilitated himself. Professional jockeys are not yet quite beyond suspicion—some racers always claim that the "boy" was crooked—but professional lacrosse and hockey

players seem as eager to win as their brethren who give their services gratis. In professional baseball the players are not always as keen as might be, but there is no suspicion of dishonesty.

The professional lacrosse player has amply vindicated himself in the present National League season. There never was such a race for the championship as there has been this year, never were there such evenly balanced teams, such stoutly contested games, such unexpected surprises. With the season three-quarters over, the winning team is still a matter of uncertainty, owing to the victories of the two Toronto teams last Saturday, of the Tecumsehs 9-8 over Montreal, and of the Torontos 6-2 over the Capitals. Professional lacrosse has proved decidedly interesting; the players seem to have club loyalty, and play with the utmost spirit and vigor. The receipt of salaries has plainly not made them indifferent or indolent; it has rather increased their efficiency, and quickened public interest. As a matter of fact, it was the practice of wagering on the result of sporting events that years ago led to the cry against the professional athletes. It is this that more than anything else tends to the detriment of the pugilist's profession to-day, and would, if it were prevalent, spoil professional lacrosse. When wagers are made on a contest, the professional has great temptations to dishonesty. At present there is practically no gambling on lacrosse matches. The game is played for the honor and glory of winning; but did it cause as much speculation as the turf, professionals would lose their form as surprisingly as race horses, and we would hear the old cry of "Fixed game!"

One of the most notable non-stop runs in the history of automobilism was completed in New York Monday, August 13, when Ernest Keeler arrived after a 505-mile run from Bretton Woods. Keeler drove the same 30-horsepower Oldsmobile touring car with which he made a perfect score in the very severe Glidden Trophy Contest. The most remarkable feature of this non-stop run was that the car, which averaged twenty-four miles an hour for the entire 505 miles, over rough roads, through heavy rains and deep mud, without having its motor stop once, did not receive a single adjustment, repair, or tire change between the time it finished the Glidden contest and the time it started on its non-stop run.

Ernest Keeler left Bretton Woods in the White Mountains at 12:10 p.m. Sunday and arrived at the headquarters of the New York Motor Club, Broadway and Fifty-eighth street, at 2:28 o'clock the following afternoon. The total elapsed time was 26 hours and 18 minutes, and the actual running time 21 hours and 30 minutes. Keeler drove every inch of the way himself, a notable achievement in the annals of driving.

The Corinthian Association football team has been very successful so far on their American tour, but have an extended itinerary yet before them. After leaving Canada they go to Chicago, St. Louis, Boston and Philadelphia, and wind up in New York the second week of September. There is no question of their merits as footballers. Their forwards are very fast and splendidly accurate; they excel in short, quick passes and combine and manoeuvre for a shot on goal, with the brilliance of the best lacrosse players. Association as played by the Corinthians is a very attractive game, quite unlike the helter-skelter, rough-and-tumble methods of play which many Canadian teams employ. In fact, it is reasonably certain that if our teams would give as good exhibitions as the Corinthians have given, the game would become really popular sport. A crowd of over three thousand was in attendance at the Island last Saturday when the Corinthians defeated the picked Toronto team 6-0, and though

many of these were attracted by the novelty of the spectacle or by the élan of the visitors, the majority were honest admirers of Association football, who were able to appreciate the fine points of the play. From this it is seen that Association has its public just as much as lacrosse or baseball, and would draw crowds the season round if that public could get the quality of play it desires.

The Corinthians' tour, it has been said, is purely educational. Their aim is not to win fame or money by a successful invasion of American shores, but to popularize and improve the game throughout this continent. This last is a harder proposition, nor is it easy to see improvement in the play of the Canadian teams since the visit of the Pilgrims last fall. Apparently the lesson then received fell on dull ears, for this, the following season, has been, as far as local competition is concerned, the poorest for some years. Nor have the players who met the Pilgrims shown any increased skill or more scientific play against the Corinthians. Is then the project of popularizing and improving the game in Canada a vain hope, an effort as devoid of attainment as Polar explorations or civic reform movements? The constant dropping hollows the stone, says the proverb, and if the Englishmen continue to send their teams year after year, the seed may take root and sprout, the Association game may become all that which it lacks of perfection at present. Perseverance will accomplish wonders, and it is with English sportsmen the badge of all their tribe. One thing the visit of English teams should accomplish, if example is worth anything; it should teach proper ideals of conduct in sport, and inculcate that common courtesy and gentlemanly behavior which is too often lacking on our athletic fields. I do not say that English sport is better in this respect than ours. There are ugly disturbances and rowdiness at games in England just as in Canada—the other day a first-class cricket match was discontinued on account of the conduct of the crowd—but the teams which are sent out by such organizations as the Marylebone and Corinthian Clubs are the flower of the youth, men who have the highest ideals of sport. They are all true amateurs, who play the game because they love it, and because they love it do nothing to discredit it. So it is with the Corinthians. Off the field, as well as on it, they have impressed all who have met them with their true sportsmanship. There is enough worship these days of athletes for their athletic triumphs, but it is seldom that one can, as with the Corinthians, pay a well-deserved tribute to their personal qualities as well. It is not every team that could beat us so soundly, and leave such friendly feeling in our minds. The victors and the vanquished cannot always fraternize as have the Corinthians and their Canadian opponents. Defeat always leaves bitterness, and only extreme tact and courtesy on the part of the victor can remove the sting. But these are precisely the qualities the Corinthians possess. Some of our lacrosse players who have been trying to make experiments in vivisection upon their opponents, would do well to observe these graces which are at once a rebuke and an example to them.

Toronto yachtsmen are very jubilant over the success of the Zoraya in the Fisher Cup race, and are busily planning the ways and means to bring back the Canada Cup next year to the cool porticoes of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, its only fit and proper resting place. It's very name implies Canadian ownership, and Canadian residence, and it is indeed a shame to let it linger exsul patria on alien shores. Right across the lake it lies, and if it were endowed with sentient being one could imagine it looking with eyes of infinite regret and tearful longing over the narrow strip of azure main that separates it from the lands of its origin. The pangs of exile according to the Greek poet are the most agonizing of human afflictions, perhaps the most bitter that double-handed silver yachting cups endure, and even if the Canada Cup has not a human feeling in this respect, all Canadian yachtsmen feel the pangs of exile vicariously while it is banished to Rochester. There are rumors that at least three challengers will be built for Toronto yachtsmen this winter, one, it is said, for Cawthra Mulock, whose appearance in local racing circles would be warmly welcomed. Toronto yachtsmen have done extremely well in international competitions considering the small number of racing yachts we have had here. Next year, with three yachts from which to select a challenger, there should be reason for even greater optimism than in the past.

An interesting feature of the great Fisher Cup race was the musical way in which the Canadians celebrated their victory. Their odes of triumph resounded along the water front at Charlotte, not exactly in clear-

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throated harmony, for, as a Rochester paper, perhaps unfeeling, observed, "The Canadians made the night hideous with their outbursts of doggerel. The Rochester yachtsmen, however, had reams of doggerel of their own, even more hideous, more unmetrical and more unrhymical, which would have brought even rosier blushes to the fair face of night, but, alas! their defeat prevented them using it, and night abode unblushing and serene. One might expect that the Canadians would blow on "old Triton's wretched horn," and sing of Neptune and the Naiads, of Castor and Pollux, the constellation that guides mariners, or Aeolus the lord of the winds. Even if they disdained the fantastic and allegorical, one might expect that they would at least hymn something appropriate to a victory in a yacht race—something that imprisoned in words the wild rush of roaring winds or the surge of frothing billows. Strangely, there was nothing of the kind. Their paean of triumph scorned the noble cadences of the Pindaric ode; they celebrated their victory in parodies on "Everybody Works But Father," "Mr. Dooley," and other lyrics of the kind. Since Aemilius Jarvis was their veteran skipper, they should at least have worked in something on "The Ancient Mariner," or even "The Schooner Hesperus." If Canadian yachtsmen desire to voice their triumphs in song, let their paean be worthy of the Canadian muse. If our leading poets are too busy writing of nature and imperial sentiment to praise yachting heroes, let them turn the contract over to the newspaper bards. In our own town there are at least four score of these who can turn out odes of triumph more lyrical than those which "made the night hideous" at Rochester.

Visitors to the Exhibition interested in sports and pastimes should make a point of visiting the sporting goods exhibit in the Manufacturers' Building, where a complete line of athletic goods of every description will be exhibited, including golf, tennis, football, baseball, lacrosse, polo, bowling, curling, hockey, skates, snowshoes, skis, sweaters, athletic clothing and shoes, fencing, boxing, and gymnasium apparatus, etc. The exhibitors, Messrs. Harry H. Love & Co., manufacturers of athletic goods and clothing, are endeavoring to make this year's exhibit the most complete and attractive on record.

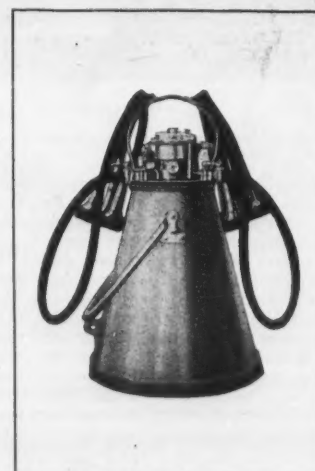
Ethel—How long have the Newlies been in society?
Bob—From the way they play golf, I should judge about two days.—
"Judge."

The Batsman and the Fogeys.

Jones, when he took to First-Class Cricket,
And made his debut at the Wicket,
In Batting showed a style that's altogether unconventional.
For instance, when some Bowler leery
Assails him, with the "off-side Theory,"
(A Ball which should, as 'tis well known,
Be left, on Principle, alone),
The dangerous Thing Jones, daring, tips
And snicks it safely through the Slips.
Thus, though, by all the Rules of Cricket,
He should (so 't seemed) have lost his Wicket,
He adds, in fact, a useful Four To his already useful Score.
But all the fogey Critics, who— Hide-bound by their old-fashioned View—
Can't stomach anything that's new— These all through the Pavilion waddle, A-shaking each his solemn Noddle, And fuss and fume: "What! Jones play Cricket?
I tell you, Sir, his Style is wicked. By rights, his fav'rite off-side Tip Should be, each time, a Catch at Slip No man can safe defy—'tis flat— The Canons of the Game like that. Mark what I say: You'll soon have Proof,
And Jones (the Fraud!) will get the Hoof."
So said they all, their Noddles shaking;
Yet Jones went on his Fifties making; Till one fine Day, before the Board Had registered a Single scored, Young Jones, for once, was caught a-tripping,
And lodged the Ball the Hands of Slip in.
The Critics to the Captain go, And, in triumphant Accents, crow: "There, Skipper—there, we told you so.
Now that you've had this signal Proof, Of course, you'll give young Jones the Hoof!"
"What? Hoof, a man who's Fifties notched
So oft, 'cos once for Duck he's cotched?"
"Most certainly," those Critics said, A-nodding each his solemn Head. "For though, till now by sinful Luck 'He's' escaped the well-deserved Duck, He ought, by Reason and by Rhyme, To bag a Brace, sir, every Time."
"Ought? Well, that Point discuss I won't.
The fact that matters is—he don't!" —London "Truth."

Never hit a man when he has got you down.—Philadelphia "Record."

MILK THE PERFECT FOOD



From The Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery.

The selection of milk for your household is a very serious matter and should receive every consideration; not only those who have charge of infants, but housekeepers also should be deeply concerned about the source of the milk that is consumed daily in their families. Such milk as that produced at Erindale Farm is the perfect food; it is by comparison with other articles of diet the cheapest food. The cattle located on Erindale Farm have a home that very few farms can equal; the stables are modern in structure, with cement floors; the divisions between the cows are constructed of iron; each cow is secured with a stanchion; spring-water in automatic water basins, stationed at the head of each cow, is always available at their leisure. The means of light is obtained with almost totally constructed walls of glass, while numerous electric lights remove the darkness at night. No feed whatever is contained in this building, it being stored and mixed by electric motors in an adjoining barn, and conveyed to the cows in cars that are operated on overhead rails. When visitors enter this building they are greeted with a cheerful and contented herd of fine cattle. Noxious odors are wholly absent, and everything is scrupulously clean, indeed, these model buildings, with a superior and contented herd, and such a farm, with all its natural surroundings, is all that is required to produce the very best of milk. Such care of barns, buildings and cows is unusual and extraordinary. It results in a pure, clean and superior milk, perfectly suited to the nursery and table. The production of Erindale Farm Certified Milk is limited and is delivered a few hours after being milked in the city by S. Price & Sons, Limited, at twelve cents per quart.



Tommy—I say, do you know who's winning?
Ethel—I think Uncle must be—I heard him offer to carry Annie's Clubs.
—Punch.

A DEAL WITH SPAIN



"THE 'Maria' 'll have to go into dock this trip, Mr. Baxter," remarked Captain Jarvis to his owners; "her seams are openin' knees loose from her ribs, an' strained a goodish bit, too. By rights, the copper ought to come off her."

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the elder of a pair of stout, clean-shaven, moon-faced men who sat in a grimy office fronting the wharves of Port Waratah, in New South Wales; "d'ye want to ruin the firm? You skippers seem to think that Baxter Brothers is only another name for Rothschilds. Dock be hanged! She'll run another couple o' years yet. An' look here, Jarvis, you came down this time nearly 100 ton short. 'Don't let that happen again, please. You're a single man, you know, and when our agent up yonder, who's got his instructions, says 'Let it rip, don't you interfere, but just keep her under them shoots till he says it's a fair thing. An', meanwhile, you keep on thinkin' o' this big pile o' letters,' and Uriah Baxter, taking a handful of docketed papers out of a pigeon-hole, thrust them rudely under Jarvis' nose. "There," he continued, "those are applications for billets from men with wives and families that'd jump at the chance. Likewise, you might as well bear in mind, when a deckload's mentioned, that you're still workin' a dead horse. Roomatic fever's a lugsy for coastin' skippers to be indulgin' in." And Uriah and his brother James chuckled heartily at the former's little joke.

Captain Jarvis was a thick-set, middle-aged man, with a rugged, bearded face, upon whose bronze sat here and there patches of coal dust from the just discharged cargo. Some months ago, during a severe attack of illness, he had borrowed money from his employers, at heavy interest, in advance of wages, with which to pay the doctor's bill. And now his eyes flashed angrily as he retorted, "Aye, and if it weren't for that same dead horse I'd see you and your old coffin at the bottom afore I'd sail her any more! Nice pair you are, to talk about puttin' a married man into a rotten tub like her! For two pins I'd set Lloyd's surveyor on to the 'Maria' and the rest o' the precious fleet. Yah!"

"Seventy-five pounds ten shillings and sixpence first, captain," remarked the junior partner, who had been consulting a ledger, "and then you can do as you please about that. We only want our advance—and interest—back again, eh, Uriah?"

"That's all," snarled his brother. "Now get away, do, and to sea as fast as you like! An' don't let's have any shortage next trip. An' don't you be worryin' about docks and surveyors and such like rubbish."

"Seventy-five pounds!" muttered the captain in a tone of angry dismay as he stepped out on to the wharf. "Good God! at seven pounds a month I'll never get out of their claims. It wouldn't take much—only for the other chaps—to make me sink the old barge. An' that'd be no loss to Baxter's. You bet she's fully covered. Cargo! By Heaven! I'll cargo her this time. Catch me stoppin' 'em. Let 'em pile it into her up to the cross-trees if they like, the cursed sailor-killing brutes."

Thus it happened that when, in a week or so, the "Maria Baxter" drew from under the Newcastle shoals she was not only stowed full to the hatches with some 1,800 tons of coal, but in addition carried a deck load of three or four hundred tons in bags. Also, she showed so little freeboard as to be hardly worth mentioning. Then the mate protested.

"We vos schwamp," said he, "like a dinky-boat dis trip is we get any vedder."

"Oh, go and be hanged!" said Captain Jarvis, in a state of chronic irritation and anger; "if you want your discharge, why don't you say so at once?" and the submissive foreigner protested no more.

As for the four men in the fo'c's'le who, together with the cook, made up the "Maria's" company, if they cast dubious glances over what side there was left, they kept their thoughts to themselves. Seamen were more than plentiful, and spare hanks were scarce. And, anyhow, it was only a short run. And the weather looked like keeping fine.

"A record load, skipper," remarked the boss of the trimming gang, grinning. "Hang me if I'd go with ye if ye paid me! Hope your life's insured."

"Taint then," replied the captain shortly. "But 'Maria's' is, eh, Mr. Snape?"

"Spose so," replied the agent carelessly. "Don't forget I told you you could have ten tons less on deck if you pleased."

"Ten tons!" exclaimed Jarvis, laughing, sarcastically. "Wouldn't you like a passage round? It'll do your liver good."

"No," thanks," replied the other, casting a disparaging glance at the poor old brig. "I prefer to travel

By
John Arthur Barry

by rail, not in 'Black Maria,' and with a laugh at his sally he closed his book and sauntered off. Of her companions, the "Uriah," "Rachel," and "James Baxter," all old worn-out brigs, engaged in the coal trade between Port Waratah and Newcastle, the "Maria" was, perhaps, the oldest, most unseaworthy, grimest and worst found. Eight-and-thirty years ago in her comparative youth, and before there were any plantations to speak of in Queensland, or on the Clarence, she had been in the sugar trade between Mauritius and the Australian Colonies. Since then many owners had taken her in hand, and from her birth there had always been applied to her the opprobrious name of "slug." Then, as the toilsome years went by, developing a decided partiality for letting salt water in on the property entrusted to her care, she fell lower and lower in the social shipping scale, until at last, long "off the better" at Lloyd's, strained, decayed, poverty-stricken, she had been purchased by the Baxters for a song, and set to the inevitable destiny of the pauper vessel—"colliering."

Look at her now as she clears "Nobbs" on her sixty-mile trundle down the coast, her patched and blackened sails set to a fair wind, her rail almost awash in the slight swell. Above the rail are piled bags of coal, four tiers high; the crew have to crawl over and between them to get to their den down forward. The cook simply reaches out of the galley door when

of stuff out of the others. Can't have weathered it, eh?"

"Could your grandmother have weathered it in a basket?" asked Uriah contemptuously. "Still, it's unfortunate there's no wreckage. The offices won't pay for awhile. Seem to fancy she's got blown away out to sea, an' may turn up yet," and he grinned at the notion.

"However," he continued solemnly, "they'll have to settle in full sooner or later. That poor Jarvis! An' we parted almost in anger!"

"Not on our side, Uriah," remarked James feelingly.

"The Lord be praised for that!" replied Uriah with fervor. "A good man, too! Snape said he never saw such a pile of stuff as the 'Maria' took. An' the captain all the time singing out for more against Snape's wishes. Very evidently the poor fellow wanted to make up for his rudeness by a record cargo. Well, well, at least there were no married men amongst 'em. An' that's a cut above what any of the others can say."

"I suppose we must write off Jarvis' debt?" asked James, turning to his ledger.

"Just let it appear as a debit balance, James," sighed Uriah.

"Progress payment on wages account. Actually we're in pocket by the poor man. But it is as well to be business-like. One never knows what inquisitive people may turn up. Let's be thankful there's no widows and orphans howling for subscriptions around our office."

But there were plenty elsewhere about the town; for a furious hurricane had suddenly swept up from the south, then, veering all at once to the east, had piled half a dozen coasters



"Roomatic fever's a lugsy for coastin' skippers to be indulgin' in."

he wants fuel. Undermanned and overloaded, she squatters lifelessly along, with the creaking of ungreased parrels and rusty sheaves aloft, and on deck a continuous grinding murmur as the coal is shaken into place.

On the fo'c's'le-head four apparent negroes are having their evening meal. The tea carries on its surface a film of black dust, and the white loaf shows black stencillings of broad fingers and thumbs. It's of no use washing in that trade. Besides, it's said that coal dust is not altogether unhealthy.

"The ole bark 'as got 'er bellyful this time, right enough," remarks one thoughtfully, spitting out some grains of coal.

"Loaded up on 'er back as well," replies another, nodding towards the pile of cargo. "Be 'ell to pay if a southerly buster catches us! Ole man stacked it into 'er proper, didn't 'e?"

"E's got 'is rag out this trip 'bout somethin'," continues the first speaker. "E's been doin' nothin' but swearin' an' cussin' since we left. Dashed if I ever seen 'im so bad afore! Now, Bill, your turn to relieve that Dutch mate o' ours, soon's ye've finished stufin'!"

And so they talked as they mumbled their soaked crusts and wagged dusty beards that would otherwise have shown grey. Ancient men who, unable any longer to stand the hard fare of the "limejuicers," or deep-water British ships they had most of their lives been accustomed to, had perforce taken to the last resource of the nearly played-out sailor—a coasting collier. Meanwhile, the old "sixty-miler" flopped along, a black blot against the purple glory that the dying sun flung across the sky.

"I s'pose she's a goner?" remarked Uriah Baxter to his brother a week later.

"Spec' so," replied James. "Strange, though, ain't it, that nothin's come ashore from her? They've got lots

and a score of their hands in dismal wrecks and corpses upon many beaches between Cape Byron and the Heads of Port Waratah. And every one of the lost vessels was identified except the "Maria," of which not a solitary chip could be found.

"Bottom fell out and she went down like a stone," "Opened out like a wool bale when the hoops break," was what the general opinion of those who knew the "poor old slug" amounted to. And presently all doubts were set at rest by the discovery on Cornulla Beach of the battered and grimy dolphin that had served as a figurehead ever since she was first launched under that name; also there washed ashore part of the stern of a decayed longboat with "Maria Baxter" still visible upon it. So the insurance people paid up, and with a portion of the money Baxter Brothers bought an old Norwegian brig at auction, and after cleaning her bottom and spending a fiver on putty and paint and oakum, installed her in place of the lost "Maria," whose very name was forgotten by the public in a week, because of far more stirring happenings than the foundering of a "sixty-miler" and a few sailors.

"Jansen," remarked Captain Jarvis to his mate, as abreast of Bungaree, North Head, looming big to starboard, they braced the "Maria's" yards to a light sou'-wester; "Jansen, it's going to blow like blazes afore mornin'! An' I believe it'll come from the eastward presently in a regular snorter. If it does, Jansen, an' catches us here, you'll never see that fat Dutch sweetheart o' yours at the fish shop in Erskine street any more. We'll go ashore and break up in a quarter less no time! I've got a touch o' them roomatics again to-night; an' I notice, ever since I was down with 'em, that an easterly's bound to come with the pains. Square away, Jansen, an' let's get out

to sea. It's the safest place for us. If we were near enough to Broken Bay, I'd run in; but we haven't a show with the wind as it is."

So the "Maria," turning her square stern to the land, surged into the Pacific, making such an offing that, ere the sun rose, Australia had vanished from sight; and before another watch passed the correctness of the skipper's barometer (the only one on board) was proved by their meeting that same easterly gale that was presently to work such woe along the distant coast.

Hove to under her lower foretop-sail, the "Maria" sagged wearily to leeward, taking lots of water on board, but otherwise behaving herself quite decently, and as if pleased that no exertion was required of her. Every watch she had to be pumped, and then the black streams from her well, mingling with the black streams that poured away from her deck cargo, gushed through the scuppers till the big combers upon which she listlessly rose and fell were of the hue of ink.

The weather was dull and gloomy, with a low-lying heavy sky. The wheel was lashed and the decks deserted, save for the cook, who in his galley kept warm and snug. In the fo'c's'le the men lay in their bunks, and by turns dozed uneasily, and smoked, and swore at the black tricklings that came through the working seams overhead, and were flung from side to side in showers with each uneasy roll of the brig. A double-spouted kerosene lamp, with naked wicks, swung and sputtered amidst the great cockroaches, disturbed by the water, came out of their refuges and crawled heavily about the bulkheads and over the black, damp, and frowsy bedding.

Suddenly the scuttle was thrust aside, and the mate's voice bawled, "Now, den, eight bells! Pomp chip!"

And with surly groans of "Aye, aye," the four crawled slowly and deliberately out of their bunks, got into their dirty, ragged oilskins, and crawled up the greasy ladder into the night of wind and water, and felt their tedious way to the pumps. Aft, near the wheel, stood the skipper, sparks from his pipe streaming over the rail, listening to the monotonous clink-clank of the iron brakes working to the accompaniment of a chanty crooned by one of the old men and joined in by the others in a half-hearted way when it came to the chorus of—Oh, wake her; oh, shake her! Oh, wake her up from down below! Do, my Johnnie, do!

"De mein Yonnie, do," grunted the mate, putting his weight impartially on each brake till the long-drawn throaty gurgle at last proclaimed that the pumps "sucked"—i.e., that there was not enough water in the well for them to get hold of.

"Grog ho!" shouted the skipper, grasping a square bottle of hollands, out of which he poured each man a tumbler three parts full, swallowed by its recipient with a gasp of satisfaction.

"There'll be ships' bones along the beaches to-night, Jansen," said Jarvis, helping himself and passing the bottle to the mate; "but we've saved the old barge, and a lot of thanks we'll get for it. The worst of the blow's over. My pains is going with it. By Heaven! if it hadn't been for those poor old chaps for'ard, an' well yes, you too, and that there gal o' yours, I'd just as soon shed be piled up like those others is bound to be. Let her lie as she is till daylight, and then we'll run in for the land."

Sunrise found wind and sea going down rapidly; showed also to those on the brig, a mile or so away, a great white war steamer coming very slowly towards them from the eastward. Smoke was issuing from only one of her triple funnels; she carried two masts with military tops, and a great gun poked half its length out of a sort of semi-circular fort for'ard, whilst her tall sides bristled with smaller cannon.

"She ain't out of our lot from Farm Cove," said the skipper, ogling her through an old pair of binoculars; "foreigner o' some sort, I s'pose. Aye, aye, Jansen, both tawp's 's the main t'g'ans'l. Let's get home out of this. We'll have Uriah and James sacking the crowds unless we hurry. Now, what flag's that? and what does he want hoisting the whole code at us that way. He might have saved enough to know that collier brigs don't carry more bunting than'll make their number. An', anyhow, we can't stop."

By this time the "Maria's" sails had been sheeted home, and the stranger, seeing no notice taken of her signals, and the brig actually drawing away from her, fired a gun to leeward, hauled down the bright string of flags, and lowering the first one she had hoisted to half-mast, lay with her way stopped and all the huge mass of her rolling solemnly to the swell of the long seas.

"Now, what the dickens does she mean by that?" asked the bewildered skipper of the "Maria." "What sort of distress can she be in, anyhow? Well, well, back your foreyards, there, Jansen. Fancy a great thumpin' man-o'-war wantin' help from a poor, rotten sieve of a collier?"

As Jarvis bent on and ran up to the peak a grimy old British Ensign with its fly all in tatters, the man at the wheel, who had been eyeing the warship very intently, all at once said: "That there's the Spanish flag, captin!—the navy flag. I seen it afore in Manila when I was goin' deep water. Red, yaller, red agin, an' a ramplin' flop sparrin' at a castle. I kin see it quite plain now."

"Well, what about it, Sam?" replied



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the skipper, belaying the signal halliards.

"Why, you know the Yanks an' the Dagoes is at war," said Sam, "an' this might be what they calls a roose to get 'old on us. Evident 'er's run out coal—not as much left as ud carry 'er another foot to save 'er bloomin' life. An'—"

"By jingo, I'd clean forgot all about any war!" exclaimed the skipper rather gloomily, as he caught sight of a large boat, full of men, rowing towards the brig with the deliberate stroke of Southern Europe—pull and pause—pause and pull. "But there," he continued, squinting up at the torn, dirty Ensign flapping overhead, "that's the British flag, and we're British subjects sailin' to and from British ports. An', anyhow, what harm can they do us? Like enough they'll buy our deck load. Chuck over the ladder there for 'em, one of you."

Out of the boat, as she swung alongside, there presently imbibed clambered an officer in blue and gold uniform, moustached and dark. Gaining the deck, he paused a moment to inspect his white gloves, the palms of which were smothered in coal dust from the ladder ropes. Then, with a smile, as if well satisfied, he cast a comprehensive glance around at the prevailing darkness, and aloft at the tattered Ensign, and, removing his peaked and gold-braided cap, bowed politely to Jarvis, standing close to it with his hands in the pockets of his pilot jacket.

"Coal?" he remarked, waving his arms and showing a set of perfect teeth as he smiled conciliatingly.

"Aye, aye, moonshiner," replied Jarvis, "lots of it. Newcastle to Waratah. D'ye want to buy a few tons? Of course the figure 'll be higher than if ye was gettin' it straight from the mine. But—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the other eagerly. "We buy all—all! I understand. Cas' pay. You come 'longside. All buy. Plenty money. Englis' sov'ren—no silver. Big price. You sell quick? Spanis' ship."

For a minute Jarvis stared thoughtfully at the speaker, whilst he revolved in his mind the one chance of a lifetime. At present the advantage was all his. There lay the great war-dragon pathetically powerless, unable, without his help, to ensure a single turn of her screw—at the mercy of the winds and waves. Certainly, if he squared away she could sink him. But that would be hardly likely. On the other hand, once alongside, he and his vessel were wholly in the power of the Spaniards. Still, he fancied having heard or read somewhere that they were honorable people and thought a lot of their word. And that seventy-two pounds odd! Never, he knew well, would he be allowed to work that off. If he left the firm without asking leave, they would give him a "bad discharge," and that meant a return to the fo'c's'le again. Aft was squalid enough. But for'ard! His soul sickened at the thought of going through it all again. Yes, he'd chance it! He had nothing much to lose. However, he'd have some agreement in black and white to show for the business if it turned out "cronk." If otherwise, why, there would be no necessity for anything.

Thus it happened that in a few minutes Jarvis was possessed of a piece of paper, signed by Don Miguel y Santos de Zarate, first lieutenant of the Spanish cruiser "Alfonso XIV," agreeing to take not only her cargo, but the "Maria" also, at a lump sum that came to something over £5 per ton for ship and coal together.

Jarvis' heart had sunk when he noted the pleased alacrity with which the lieutenant agreed to his terms. No protest, no bargaining! Just a scrape and a flourish of the pen on the smudgy sheet of notepaper! Could it be possible that any people in their senses would pay such an amount of money for what seemed to him of so little worth? Had he known that twice the sum would have been cheerfully given, also that a week ago the "Alfonso" had stopped

the American mail-boat and taken over half a million of specie out of her, the skipper would probably have had no such misgivings as now assailed him. Actually he had been the salvation of the warship, whose bunkers were scraped clean, and who, having coaled three months before in Singapore, was, even had she been able to get there, barred from Australian ports.

Very quickly a few bags of coal were bundled over into the boat. Then she went off to the cruiser; whence, presently, a steam launch arriving, took the "Maria" in tow, and pulled her alongside the "Alfonso" to the sound of much Spanish cheering.

Previous to this, however, Jarvis called Jansen and the crew into the cabin. "Look here," said he, speaking quick and sharp, "I've sold the whole turnout to the Dagoes yonder. If they act square, and cash up, I'll give you four chaps an' the cook £200 each. Jansen, you'll get £300. Never mind what I get. That's my business. If they don't act square, why, you'll just have to take your chance, same as me. Are you satisfied?"

They were. Each grimy man of them would almost have sold what remained to him of life for such wealth as heretofore they had only dreamed of. And they added their names as witnesses to the agreement signed by Jarvis and the lieutenant. "There, now," said the former grimly, "you're as deep in the mud as I am in the mire. This bit of paper may help you to keep quiet tongues. An', anyhow, if you know when you're well off you'll not be going back to Australia to spend your money. An' remember, if any one asks you, I'm master an' owner."

Like hawks the Spaniards swooped upon the "Maria" with bags, baskets, and tubs, working all three hatches at once, until in forty-eight hours she was an empty ship and scraped clean to the last ounce of precious sodden coal around her timbers. Meanwhile, the captain of the "Alfonso" had in his own state-room paid Jarvis with bags of gold, seeming to think his bargain cheap at the price, and cheerfully consenting to put the skipper and his crew as rescued castaway sailors on board the first British homeward bound ship they should meet.

Trusting the bruised and battered old "Maria" from her steel sides, the warship, once more a power, steamed off a couple of miles and began to use her six-inch guns in the port battery. The first shell flew wide; the second burst just astern, throwing a great mound of water on her decks that made her reel and stagger and show the green copper nearly to her keel as she went over; at the third discharge the shell plunged square into her; there was a sullen roar as it exploded; the "Maria" seemed to leap bodily up and then collapse in one universal flattened ruin of spars and timbers, flatted to the last as it lay for a few minutes on the surface of the sunlit sea.

"And a good riddance, too!" muttered Jarvis as he watched the smoke and heard the Spaniards cheering. "But I'm glad I fetched the flag away."

New York Excursion.

New York Central, "America's Greatest Railroad," announces a cheap excursion from Suspension Bridge or Buffalo to New York on August 28th, rate being \$10.75 for the round trip, tickets good fifteen days for return.

For the benefit of those who desire to use the Hudson River day or night steamers in either or both directions between Albany and New York, there will be no extra charge.

Now is the time to visit New York, with its many amusements, parks, nearby seashore resorts, etc. Write or call on Louis Drago, Canadian Passenger Agent, 69 1-2 Yonge street, Toronto, for full particulars.

Curiosity, love and hunger have made the world what it is—"Life."



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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V. J. 19. TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 25, 1906. No. 42

Points About People.

Everybody remembers old Sergeant Clothier, who for years was tipstaff in the various courts of the City Hall.



The old man's beaming countenance and ponderous person were as familiar as were the judges' faces or the best known attorney in the court. But before that there were days when the "Sargint" was not employed, and when a job was the most coveted thing on earth from his view point. In these days he haunted the offices of many of the well-known Liberals of the city, for those were the mighty men in those days. One day he had been hanging about Peter Ryan's office so long that his presence became a reproach. Mr. Ryan introduced him to a gentleman who talked over his ill-fortune sympathetically, and finally offered to use his influence with Hon. Christopher Findlay Fraser, then Minister of Public Works, to get him a position to drill the members of the civil service. The gentleman called somebody up at the telephone, and the "Sargint" heard one end of a conversation which raised his fainting hopes to high water mark. "It's all right," he was told. "Go right to the buildings and see Mr. Fraser. You'll find him in committee. Say Edward Blake sent you." The "Sargint" started off. The old buildings at King and Simcoe streets were then in use, and Mr. Fraser was, as had been foretold, in committee. "Mister Blake sent me to see Mister Fraser in committee," the "Sargint" told the doorkeeper. After an argument, Mr. Fraser came out. "Yer Honor an' Sir to you," began the "Sargint." "Mr. Blake, Mr. Edward Blake sent me to yez. He was talkin' to yez over the 'phone, and ye promised to give me a job drillin' the members of Parliament. I'm ready to begin to-morrow." Mr. Fraser tried to explain. It was no use. Finally three constables removed the "Sargint," who protested to the last that he could "drill the members of Parliament fine."

Major Hugh Clark occasionally takes liberties with the English language in an effective way. Some months ago he was visiting Hon. W. J. Hanna in Sarnia, and in the course of an evening walk with several friends, it was noticed that the window of a bank had been left open. "I wonder why that window's open," said Mr. Hanna, uneasily. "I suppose it's to let in a draft," replied the Major.

A bright seventeen-year-old Toronto girl was this summer refused permission to take a vacation trip out of the city, but, being a young lady of ideas, she solved the problem of getting a holiday in a novel manner. She filled a large "grip," made up an enormous bundle, in which she included all the glad raiment she thought she might require, and went to the home of her grandmother, who lives in the next street, for two weeks. The success of the holiday—for it was a success—might be classed as a psychological triumph, and ought to be brought to the attention of the professors and playwrights who interest themselves in such phenomena. The young girl imagined herself quite cut off from home in a physical sense—hundreds of miles away—and even when she discovered that she had omitted packing one of her prettiest waists, she kept up the illusion and refused to walk a block for it!

Toronto receives a good many jibes from those who allege that this town and its inhabitants assume a high and mighty attitude toward those who are not fortunate enough to live in the metropolis of Ontario. Of course most of these jibes are based on imagination, and such an attitude, when it does exist, is based on provincialism, something that is found, after all, in all human communities. In every large city there is a certain class of people who think that their own town is the only one, not having seen or thought about others. Toronto is of course not without such a class. They are quite often in evidence at Exhibition time. Last year, for instance, a young fellow, living in a distant part of the province, came here to attend the Fair. He had never been in Toronto before, and

he was shown about by a cousin of his own age, who had never been out of it. Passing along Yonge street one day, the latter said: "This is Yonge Street Arcade." Then he added in anxious explanation: "An arcade is a sort of closed-in street, you know." The visitor, who happened to be much more travelled and far better read than his companion, is still laughing over the joke, and telling it to people.

A good deal of amusement was afforded the people in Queen's Park this week by the arrival from England, on the hottest of the hot days we have been having, of a large case containing exhibits for the British Medical Association's convention. The huge box was covered with printed labels urging care in handling, the most conspicuous and numerous among which were printed in large type and reading, *Keep Free from Frost!* The remarks of the sweating porters and messengers as they conveyed the case to its destination are said to have pretty nearly melted the paste off the labels. This incident leads one to speculate as to how many of the visiting doctors brought furs in their trunks.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson is in England, and is writing a series of articles for the *London Express*. "A Pagan in St. Paul's" is the title of a column article in which Miss Johnson records her impressions of the great London cathedral. "The Indians," she writes, "made worship with movements of the feet. The paleface worships by movements of the lips and tongue; the difference is but slight."

While ex-Chief Justice Strong was still practising law in this city he was reputed to be the possessor of one of the most fiery tempers, owned but not controlled, in the profession. He employed an old clerk who served as a never-failing safety valve for his wrath. Him he was used to discharge regularly every Saturday night and, as regularly re-employ on the following Monday morning. This is the tale of his then partner. One day things had been all at outs with Mr. Strong. Nothing was running smoothly and finally the old clerk blundered. Then the storm broke. The Chief Justice-to-be loosed the tempest of his wrath and whelmed the old man in a scathing anathema. Finally reaching fever heat he hurled an ebony ruler at the bobbing head. The old man ducked and the ruler missed its mark and flew on crashing through the large window in the front of the office. It went quickly but the faculties of the coming judge were quicker still. Before the ruler reached the window, Mr. Strong demanded: "Well, well, what are you standing there for? Why don't you go and get someone to put in that glass?"

There is a kind of reflected fame that is not always pleasing. A St. Catharines woman who is proud of her native town was recently talking to some Muskoka tourists about its attractions. Turning to a Toronto woman, she said: "Have you ever been in St. Catharines?" The Toronto person looked thoughtful, and then said slowly, "I seem to remember the name. Oh, yes, that's where our automobile broke down."

An American citizen who has been spending the summer at a Muskoka hotel lately made an excusable blunder. He was anxious to buy some of those baskets for which the Indians are famous and, on hearing one morning that an Indian woman and her small son were on the side veranda he hastened to the spot. In the doorway he met a ten-year-old boy of exceedingly swarthy skin who had dispensed with shoes and stockings. "I want to see your mother's baskets," said the man. "Eh?" grunted the small boy. "Take me to your mother. I want to see her baskets," repeated the American. The small boy obediently turned and trotted down the veranda, pausing beside a handsome, daintily-gowned woman. "Mother," he said shrilly, "this gentleman wants to see your baskets." The unfortunate man stammered an excuse and fled. But the nature of his mistake dawned on the mother and her friends who have nicknamed the boy "chief."

Out of the mouths of children come some most embarrassing questions. A newspaper man who was married this summer was walking along Palmerston avenue, accompanied by his young wife, the other evening, when the two were accosted by a lonely little auburn-haired tot of seven years. She came running out from her cottage home, and with anxious interest queried, "Say, have you got a little girl?" The couple were somewhat surprised, but the young woman regained her composure and answered "No." The newspaper man, naturally curious, asked the youngster why she wanted to know. "I'm lonely, and I want a little girl to play with." The man told her he would remember.

The *Canadian Gazette* points out that: Canada lost a good friend when death removed Dr. Fream from the agricultural editorship of the *London Times*. His successor is, however, we gladly note, a friend of all that is practical in the new Imperialism. In his article of Monday he notes that the Scottish Arboricultural Society is making a laudable effort to secure for Scotland the Government contracts for telegraph poles. Over 40,000 are bought yearly, and a good price is paid, but the Post Office Specification actually prohibits the use of British timber; the poles are required to be derived from Sweden, Norway, Finland, or Russia. The Scottish Arboricultural Society admits that experiments made in 1885 were disastrous to Scotch claims for the nonce, but insists with reason that the judgment then come to requires periodical reconsideration. "It will probably occur to our readers," says the *Times* writer, "that Canada has been strangely overlooked. Why not Canadian timber until at least Scotland is able to demand further experiments?" Why not, indeed. Where could Canadian members of the House of Commons wish for more useful work than in throwing light upon these stupid and anti-Canadian restrictions of British departments. What the Post Office does in the matter of telegraph poles the War Office and Admiralty do in their several spheres. It is time all this were changed.

Thirty-one years ago, says the *Canadian Gazette*, a woman named Robertson, whose home is in Glasgow, purchased a ticket to go to Canada, but she had to postpone the trip. The ticket was issued by the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company, which was founded by the late Sir Hugh Allan, and was carefully guarded by the purchaser in the hope that some day it could be used. It was not until a few days ago, however, that this ticket was presented at the offices of H. & A. Allan, in Montreal, by a relative of Miss Robertson. Although more than a quarter of a century had passed, the company willingly honored the ticket by issuing in its place a new one, which will be sent to Miss Robertson to enable her to make the long delayed voyage. The old ticket is being retained as a curiosity.

A SULTRY RUBAIYAT

WAKE! for the sun which seems to shine at night
In heaven above has reached a fearsome height.
The mercury is climbing up apace
And soon the heat will be a perfect fright.

All through the night my infant child has cried,
Methought from apoplexy I'd have died.
Now I can tell the day is twice as hot,
Though scarcely hotter than I feel inside.

And, ere the cock crow, very long before,
I stood and shouted at the barkeep's door,
"Arise within, for it is nearly day!
Come draw the lager, friend, and cease to snore."

Ah, that good beer reviving old desires,
The lucky one into some bar retires;
Electric fans will cool his fevered brow,
The luckless one in sultry streets perspires.

Each morn a little nearer fall you say,
And soon we'll mock at trials of yesterday.
But this bold summer sun that peels the nose,
Is like to melt one fevered slave away.

Each day along the line of factories strown,
From which great sticky clouds of smoke are blown
I sail a dingy in the crystal bay;
This is the only respite I have known.

Some for the shady shores of lakes, and twice
As many think the cool sea breezes nice.
A large cold storage shop is all I ask,
And me within it on a cake of ice.

Ah, if I could but fling my clothes aside,
And all unhampered in the shade abide;
Wer't not a shame, wer't not a shame, I say,
With needless garments thus to plague one's hide?

Some think the shirtwaist earthly paradise:
One thing at least is certain (curse these flies!)
One thing is 'stablished firm past all surmise—
The savage, though he's shy on style, is wise.

Mark, that perverted snout that scans the sky,
Whence shines the sun beneath whose strokes we die.
Trust not the Weather Man, for he is just
As hard against it as are you and I.

His slipping fingers write and, having writ,
Write on as in the sultry shade he'll sit.
For every shower or cool wave he'll predict
Will come to nothing, and turn out a lie.

Oh thou, who well chilled foaming beer dost brew,
And thereby savest lives by no means few,
Pour faster, friend, into my outstretched glass,
Else must I whisper "23 Skidoo!"

JAMES P. HAVESON.

The "Critic's" Discovery.

The *Critic* of New York recently printed a charge of plagiarism against the Rev. Charles Wolfe, alleging that his famous poem, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," was a translation of a French poem. This charge was quoted by many papers, including *Saturday Night*. It seems now that the Rev. Mr. Wolfe has been the one to suffer from a plagiarism put forth by "Father Prout" as a practical joke. The Rev. Francis H. Cavish, of Indianapolis, gives in the *News* of that city the solution in a letter from which we quote the following: "I am sure that your readers will be glad, for Wolfe's fame, that the clever editor of the *Sacred Heart Review* (Boston) has shown that the *Critic* has been caught napping; the French poem which Mr. Hall 'discovered' is the literary hoax of the Rev. Francis Mahony ('Father Prout') and first appeared in Bentley's *Miscellany* in 1837. It may be found in 'Father Prout's *Reliques*, Bohn edition, page 312, in the *Songs of France*. Father Mahoney, under the nom de plume 'Father Prout,' was a celebrated Irish wit and scholar of the early part of the last century, to whom versification in Latin, Greek, French, and Italian was equally easy. . . . In the *Songs of France*, Father Prout relates that Colonel de Beaumanoir was killed in the defence of Pondicherry against the British, and was hastily buried in the fortress. He says one of the followers of the French commander, Lally-Tollendal, wrote the elegy, 'Ni le son du tambour,' etc. Prout adds: 'Nor is it necessary to add any translation of mine, the Rev. Mr. Wolfe having reproduced them on the occasion of Sir John Moore's falling at Corunna under similar circumstances.' The supposed French elegy is Prout's own clever translation of Wolfe's *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, literally and metrically. This is the *Critic's* astonishing 'discovery.'"



THIRSTY WEATHER.

The Gentleman on the Hill—Had any breakfast?
The Gentleman on the Fence—Not a drop!—Sketch.

S. E. Kiser, Cheerful Rhymster.

HERE is, probably, scarcely a reader of *SATURDAY NIGHT* who has not at one time or another smiled and been refreshed by reading a cheerful bit of verse by S. E. Kiser. Mr. Kiser is a newspaper worker, and he would probably be the last man to claim that he is a poet. He writes something better, however, than much of the "poetry" that is placed upon the market on decorated, deckled-edged paper—verse, plain newspaper verse, in language that everybody understands, and that is full of an optimism that is unmistakable. No one ever read anything by S. E. Kiser that was not cheerful, and no one ever had to study any of his verse to discover its meaning. A great editor once said: "There is nothing like good, easy reading." Certainly there is not, especially if it is refreshing and cheering. Mr. Kiser says of himself:



S. E. KISER.

"I have been told that I was born in Pennsylvania, and am inclined to acknowledge the charge. I was reared partly by chance and partly in Ohio, was educated between times, and am living a blameless life in Chicago. Before reaching years of discretion I got employment in a newspaper office. I have never been without such employment since, and I am beginning to be afraid that I shall have to serve out a life-sentence, with no time allowance for good conduct. I have written enough verse—if it were printed in nonpareil, column measure—to encircle the globe and lap over several times into New Hampshire. Yet people have assured me that some of it was good, and I have been paid as much as a dollar a line for some lines. I use the word 'some' advisedly. I have climbed the Bunker Hill monument, chased my hat around the sharp edge of the Flatiron Building, shaken hands with John D. Rockefeller, and looked with awe into the depths of the Grand Canyon. But other people have done these things. My one claim to distinction lies in the fact that I once went to San Francisco without going through Chinatown. There are many pleasant things that I would like to say about me; but I have learned from long and hard experience that it is a waste of time to write stuff which is interesting to the writer only."

Mr. Kiser is still young—not far advanced, indeed, in the thirties. He lives with his family at Evanston, a suburb of Chicago. For several years he has been on the staff of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, for which paper he writes a daily column called "Alternating Currents." He also contributes to other periodicals, and his verses are widely copied. Here is a fragment characteristic of Mr. Kiser:

THE AMATEUR PHILOSOPHER.

You've lost your right arm, I perceive—
Up near the shoulder, too!
But why permit an empty sleeve
To bring regret to you?

You may not cope with other men,
Still why should you be glum?
Your good right arm is gone, but, then,
You cannot pound your thumb.

Here is another bit:

CIDER-MAKING TIME.

They are gathering the apples in the orchard on the hill;
They are carrying the baskets to the humming cider-mill.
The breeze is blowing sweetly and the autumn days are fair;
The happy farmer whistles as he works away out there.
And the smoke is curling upward as it used to, long ago,
When the winds that made our noses rather moist began to blow.

Down the crumpled leaves are dancing from the branches overhead,
And the doves are softly cooing on the weather-beaten shed.
The ground is strewn with pumpkins where the corn is cut away,
And the slopes beyond the valley lie in something soft and gray.
While a sort of dreamy music issues from the humming mill,
And the wind is blowing softly through the orchard on the hill.

They are gathering the apples that the winds have shaken down,
And the child is full of wonder who is visiting from town!
Oh, an amber stream of something fit for gods is flowing out,
While a daring yellow-jacket sips serenely from the spout.
Ah, the mill is humming gayly as the golden apples fall,
And the frugal farmer's busy grinding up the worms and all.

Of late certain journals have been publishing biographies of Sam Kiser in which he is referred to as Samuel Ellsworth Kiser, sonneteer. It is to be hoped that no such fate will overtake him. We trust that he will not be induced to become a serious poet; for then he might leave the domain of smiles and gentle sighs and take to writing sonnets about the moon, or about "threadbare classic myths." Which, Thalia forbid!

A lady applied the other day for tickets for the royal inclosure at Ascot for self, daughters and for a Miss "X," of Montreal. She received tickets for herself and daughters, with a communication that Miss "X" of Montreal should apply for a ticket through the American ambassador. The only parallel we can think of to this grip of geography on the part of the powers that be is the reply to the celebrated Duke of Newcastle, who, on being informed that Newfoundland was an island, shook hands warmly with his informant, and said: "Thank you, thank you. You always bring us good news."—*London Globe*.

Joseph Monier, from whom reinforced concrete is usually called "Monier" construction in Europe, was a gardener, and in 1867 took out a patent for making flower pots with a wire skeleton filled in with cement—little thinking that bridges and buildings could be built in a similar way.

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ONTARIO RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEET AT THE LONG BRANCH RANGES



ON THE FIRING LINE



CHALKING UP THE SCORE

Japan and the Supremacy of the East

SINCE her great war with Russia, Japan has had lavished upon her an excess of praise and admiration by this continent. Now the future of the Japanese nation is naturally a much discussed question. All sorts of wonderful destinies have been worked out for her by enterprising journalists. At the same time it is well to remember that the ultimate destiny of any people depends upon their moral strength, and the moral qualities of the little men of the Far East are remarkably elastic and elusive. J. Ingram Bryan, professor of English in the Imperial College of Commerce at Nagasaki, Japan, writes as follows on the capacity of Japan for assuming the supremacy of the East:

One cannot live among the Japanese without feeling that they have the utmost confidence in themselves in respect to mothering the millions of the Orient, and doing them justice against the predatory nations of the West. This confidence is doubly strengthened by their late triumphs by land and sea over one of the most formidable antagonists of modern times. Since the war there is among all classes undoubted evidence of more positive self-assertion, a tendency on the part of officials and servants to be dictatorial to foreigners. The leaders of Japanese thought, too, everywhere assume that their country is destined by the gods to be the pioneer of modern civilization among the people of the East. Herself the East, Japan looks toward the West, ready to welcome and pass on, whatever she finds of service. Added to her unique geographical position, is her compactness of area, unity of purpose, and nimbleness of movement, necessary to an agile leader.

Should any one doubt the seriousness or the sanity of these ambitions on the part of this "child of the world's old age," she points, with precocious insight and visible pride, to the Anglo-Japanese alliance, to the investiture of her Emperor with the most noble and ancient insignia of the Garter, and to numberless other British decorations of her great men; not least to the steady lifting of her financial credit, and the almost universal sympathy of the world.

Looking now into the inherent and prevailing qualities and tendencies of the Japanese nature, do we find anything to warrant faith in her continued progress and power of aggressive leadership? In any helpful survey of the subject there are a few unique and striking traits of Japanese character that must be taken into account.

In the first place, Japan's passionate patriotism and abounding national ambition are unequalled by any of her competitors in the race for Far Eastern supremacy. Though Japanese patriotism is, as some one has well said, "more truly a passion than an idea," an emotion rather than a conception, it is all the more prophetic of success, for does not history show that it is just this passionate devotion rather than calm reason, that has always been most fearless and triumphant in blazing the path of progress? The blood of martyrs is the seed of empires as well as of churches. Neither in the past nor in the present has Japan lacked a Leonidas or a Bruce, when the occasion required. Let the nations of the world rest assured that Japan is determined to justify the emblem that for centuries has been her national ensign, and be a "sun" to the tribes of Eastern Asia.

Japan, too, surpasses all her rivals, either in the East or West, in the coolness with which she can face every dread task, and in the celerity with which she can change. Believing her destiny is assured, no danger can daunt her. She fears no change, and hesitates at no experiment, however bold. She can alter her system of government, of education, of religion, of machinery, with equal facility, and at any moment. And most marvellous of all, it is a little coterie of progressive minds in Tokio that rules the nation and shapes its destinies. They are the incarnation of the national spirit and ideal.

In the matter of education, also, Japan is eminently able to take care of herself, and be a pioneer of modern thought among the races over whom she now wields so powerful an influence. Her educational system is an elective one, based upon the long experience of the foremost educationists of the world, and her educators are intelligent and patient students and observers of every advance along pedagogic lines. As has been already suggested, the fame of Japanese schools has reached over the ancient walls of secluded China, and the latter is establishing schools of her own as much Japanese in pattern and ideal as in the past those of the latter were Confucian.

In no way is the influence of Japan over Oriental ideas more conspicuous than in the matter of women's education. Japan has practically adopted the Christian conception of educated womanhood, and the women of all the Orient are beginning to yield to the spirit of the new ideal. There are those who have a right to ask what Japan can do to meet the religious instincts of these myriads over whom she wishes to be supreme. In the matter of religion the country supplies some interesting phenomena. Some have ventured the assertion that the Japanese have no religion, but the statement is based upon ignorance of

the subject. The Japanese are among the most religious people of the world, and seldom do anything of importance without reference to it. What the real religion of the Japanese is, would be a most interesting inquiry into which we cannot now enter. It is not Buddhism. Competent Japanese observers assert that at present Buddhism has no influence in China, and the statement is still more true of Japan. The average Japanese who has any conception of the difference between one religion and another, feels that Buddhism has a scant message for the twentieth century. The real religion of Japan is Ancestor Worship—a reverence for, and service of, the departed ones whose spirits are believed ever to pour their mighty forces into the life of to-day. To a large number of the more intelligent Japanese, this creed is no more satisfying to the spiritual nature than the anniversary of a funeral would be to us; and as for the masses, they are slaves to the most blood-curdling superstitions, amounting in many cases to a worship of demons. When the main points of



THE NEW HEAD OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

General Baron Oku, who succeeded to the command of the Japanese Army upon the death of General Kodama, was born in 1844. He was a Major in the Imperial forces during the Satsuma rebellion in 1877, commanded the Fifth Division during the Chinese war, and the Second Army during the late conflict with Russia.

the ethics of old Japan, loyalty and filial piety are consecrated by the social service of a pure and noble character, a great and lasting leadership will be assured to Japan, not only in statesmanship, but in religion and morality.

In this most vital point of all—morality, Japan is weakest, and so long as she continues so, she will lack one of the most essential requisites of assured success. In assisting her to feel rightly on this question, Christianity must prove a potent factor. But at present Japan's social morality is the greatest menace to her advance.

St. Peter and the Rich Old Man

THE rich old man was dead. All his life he had hoarded his gold, never parting with more than necessary, and now he was dead. The World breathed easier when the news came, for he was a mighty factor and had held back many progressive movements because he would not part with his Gold.

As the Rich Old Man approached the Pearly Gates, Saint Peter, ever watchful, softly turned the key which locked the gates, and waited. It was well he did, for the Rich Old Man, never accustomed to delay, did not knock, but tried at once to enter, then stood amazed when the Gates, gleaming rich and lovely in the golden light, moved not at his touch.

"Who comes?" said Saint Peter. "'Tis I, the millionaire," replied the Rich Old Man. "Ah! yes, your passport?" said the Saint. "Why, don't you understand?" answered the Rich Old Man, "I am Beldax the millionaire; open at once." "Yes," said the quiet voice of the Saint; "but tell me, first, what have you done with your millions; what good, what charity, what help to fellow-men?"

"Oh," answered the Rich Old Man, "I've not had

time for those things. When I was young, I was too busy earning and keeping my gold, and when I grew older I wanted it all myself; but," he added, "I have always attended church and contributed as I could afford. Is not that enough? Open and let me enter. I must have rest and peace."

But the Pearly Gates gleamed more softly, as it were in gentle defiance. Then the mild voice of Saint Peter fell again on the Rich Old Man's ears, and in his voice there was a sternness mingled with the gentle tones.

"Stop a minute, Rich Old Man. A few words more. Listen. I see you passing a city corner, where a crippled newsboy kept his stand. You help yourself liberally from his little stock. Do you throw him a coin? No, you are a rich man, you do as you like. The tears are standing in the crippled boy's eyes, and though each cent he loses through your theft is like drops of life blood to him, he dare not say a word. He knows who you are, and if you complained, he would lose his corner."

"Again, I see you passing through a railroad wicket. Do you drop in a ticket? No, but just behind you I see a poor woman, a shabby shawl covers the tiny, wasted form of her child, and if its lungs are ever to breathe anything but the fetid air of the tenement district, she must get it away into pure air if only for a few hours. The ticket she drops into the box is almost her all. Had you but turned and placed money in her hand, or even interested yourself in her, all the golden harps of Heaven would have sounded one glad chord, and an angel chorus would have proclaimed the tidings."

"Again, I see a clerk in your offices. The dread white plague has its deadly grip on his beloved wife; his two children are stifling in the city air; his pay is but poor; a few more dollars would enable his wife and children to get away into better air; he asks for it, but you, having the controlling power, deny him the few dollars. His motherless little ones are now in a Children's Home, while he works blindly on, cursing at fate and millionaires."

"Again, I see thousands of little children, gasping for air in the foul streets of your great city's crowded district. You are asked to give out of your abundance, that these little ones may have fresh air. Do you give? No, you hug your dollars tight to your miserable heart, and let the little ones suffer as far as you are concerned."

"And—but one more. I see your son, flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone, grown miserly, narrow, and grasping under your influence. He is fast following in your footsteps. You who should have helped him to live the highest and best."

"Ah! Old Man, you knew not what you did. The heart of Heaven as well as that of the World has been sore troubled over you. Your Guardian Angel has never been able to unfold her beautiful white wings, and proclaim your good deeds at the Throne of Grace; but has ever stood apart with wings folded, and hands meekly crossed on her white breast, while from her beautiful eyes, tears of sorrow are ever dropping."

"Old Man, you've been mistaken. With all your millions you were never rich. Riches cannot be counted in gold, but in the love of fellow men, and in that you have been a beggar. These Gates of Pearl will only open to such as are rich in love. Go your way, Old Man, there is here no room for such as you."

The Old Man said no word, but, with head bent, turned sadly and passed out of sight.

When he was gone there was a rustling behind the Pearly Gates. It was the Guardian Angel. She slowly spread her long-folded, snowy wings, brushed the tears from her starry eyes, then, with a gentle sigh, flew softly away to clasp in her loving arms a new-born soul.

ETHEL G. CODY STODDARD.

Toronto, August, 1906.

Melba as a Bill-Poster.

WHO would ever imagine that Madame Melba, one of the reigning queens of song to-day, once went forth, armed with a pail of paste in one hand, a huge paste-brush in the other, and a roll of bills under her arm? Such a thing, however, actually happened in the early days of her career, when she was hungering for opportunities to sing in public, says a writer in the *Grand Magazine*. While Nellie Mitchell, as she then was, was still a schoolgirl, holiday-making at Sorrento, in Victoria, she got up a concert in aid of one of the local charities. She asked her family to help her to eke out her own meagre savings, which she intended to devote to the purpose; but her father, in spite of the fact that he was very fond of music—and still has a fine voice which he loves to use—did not care to encourage his daughter in the enterprise. In the hope of stifling her leaning towards a professional career, he refused any aid whatever. This check, however, did not daunt the plucky little songbird in any way. She determined, having pledged herself so far, to carry the matter through, cost what it might, without any assistance. Unfortunately, all her own savings had by this time been swallowed up by the preliminary expenses, and there was not a penny left to pay for posting the bills on which she relied to advertise the entertainment. Having tried various ways of



TELEPHONING TO THE TARGET MAN

circumventing the difficulty without success, she determined to be her own bill-poster. She went straight to the hotel kitchen and persuaded one of the maids to make her a quantity of paste, which she put into a pail. Then she borrowed a bill-poster's brush, and so soon as it was dark, set off on her adventurous round, and posted up every one of the bills she had had printed. The result of her enterprise was a big house and a big success for the resourceful young prima donna *en herbe*—a success which was a fitting omen of the world-wide renown she was destined to achieve, and of which she is to-day savoring to the full all the delights.

Toole's One Act Play.

Here is a good story of the late Mr. Toole, from *Reynolds's Newspaper*, that will be new to many of our readers:

"What I want is a bright, short play," said Toole to the amateur who had brought him a six-act drama.

"How do you mean—a short, bright drama?" asked the author. "Can you give me an idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Toole, "here's one. It's direct and leaves much to the imagination."

"It is in one act."

"When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice looking young fellow. They embrace; neither of them says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveller enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least that would be the inference of every intelligent playgoer."

"The husband takes off his coat, draws from his pocket a heavy Colt's revolver, and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine, fires."

"The young woman falls dead."

"He fires again, and the young man is similarly disposed of. Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses, and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work. 'Great heavens!' he exclaims, 'I am on the wrong floor.'"

Whether the annexation of the Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State turn out to be a blessing or a curse, the conquest and annexation are indisputably the work of Cecil Rhodes and Alfred Beit. Without the financial co-operation of Mr. Beit, Rhodes could never have carried out the Jameson raid, and the South African war was the inevitable sequel of the Jameson raid. Indeed, it is not too much to say that without Alfred Beit the career of Cecil Rhodes could not have been what it was. The men who move the world may be divided into two classes, the arithmeticians and the rhetoricians. Without Beit at his elbow to prompt him, Rhodes was helpless and muddled in the details of business, yawning over balance-sheets and puzzled by cost of production. Without Rhodes at this ear to whisper sonorous words of conquest, Beit dwindled to the successful share-dealer. The financial plan of the celebrated amalgamation of the Kimberley diamond mines was Beit's, but Rhodes supplied the moral force which carried it through. And so it was with the Matabele war, the raid and the Boer war.—*London Saturday Review*.

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BALLOONING

JUST at this moment, if it may be said, ballooning is very much in the air. It is not a new pastime, or act of madness, as some are still inclined to regard it; but the magic of Fashion has touched it, and from the pursuit of the scientific and experimental few, who were regarded as cranks, ballooning has suddenly sprung to the importance of a “Society craze.” Recently a whole covey—if the term may be employed to these wingless monsters of the air—bearing more or less fanciful names, started on the first “Aerial Derby” held in England.

A balloon race at present partakes rather of the nature of those exciting events arranged by youthful sportsmen with the aid of a small field of snails. The proceedings are apt to be erratic, and the balloonist is, in addition, beyond reach of a friendly prod should he stray off the course. So it happened in connection with the race from Barn Elms that not one of the competitors reached the goal, but Mr. Frank Butler, the “father” of modern ballooning, at least came within sight of the finishing point, and took a gold cup; while Mr. Pollock, another veteran, secured a silver trophy. There was, however, one point on which the balloonists congratulated themselves—namely, that they all, or nearly all, caught the same train back to London. There is no irony in this statement, for, at present, the best of balloons will not come home.

Will ballooning become popular? It is difficult to prophesy; but we may at least reflect that six years ago the man who owned a motor was regarded as a celebrity—of sorts. On the side of ballooning becoming general there is to be placed its by no means ruinous cost as compared with motoring. A balloon of moderate size—granted they all appear immoderately corpulent until five thousand feet in space—can be purchased for less than two hundred pounds, and an ascent made for under five pounds. “But how much does it cost to come down?” someone is sure to ask. That depends (as in the case of an unexpected encounter with a piece of orange-peel) on where you fall. But the average return to earth—tipping the yokels, who with the best intentions maltreat your best silk balloon, cartage, and such ignominious details—is not found to exceed a couple of pounds if all goes well.

To the sensations of ballooning there is nothing comparable. From the moment that the signal “Hands off!” is given, and the huge bulk of silk shoots up towards the heavens like a dart, it is indeed good-bye to all your earthly experiences. The greatest fallacy existing is that the aeronaut is seized with what we must call mal de ciel. The strange feeling that we have left some important part of our internal economy behind us which we suffer in a quickly ascending lift is altogether absent. A sense of splendid dominion fills the balloonist as he looks down and witnesses the earth assuming the insignificant aspect of a time-table map. A spirit of adventure thrills the blood as one rises for the first time into the white mysteries of cloudland, and emerges to greet the sun which is shining for your special benefit, while your earthly fellows are regarding the “business end” of rain-clouds from below.

THE KING AND HIS HOUSES.

TWO pieces of news concerning King Edward are likely to prove of interest. The one is the issue of a denial by his private secretary, Lord Knollys, of the story widely printed to the effect that he was about to retire from the turf. Lord Knollys's letter is dated from Buckingham Palace, July 14. I mentioned, a couple of weeks ago, in calling attention to the new policy inaugurated by the Jockey Club at its recent meeting, that the King's success in at length defeating the reactionary element of the club would be likely to modify any intention he may have entertained at one moment of withdrawing from the turf. Intentions that have been widely discussed in the press, both at home and abroad. The prediction, therefore, contained in this column has been fulfilled.

The other bit of news about the King is his project to turn over Balmoral to the Prince of Wales. The latter is fond of Balmoral, and frequently visits it for the sake of the salmon fishing, which is excellent there. Moreover, the climate agrees with him, and with his wife and children, quite as much as it did with the late Queen Victoria. On the other hand, the climate does not suit the health either of the King or of the present Queen. When Queen Alexandra goes to Scotland she usually stays, not at Balmoral, but at Mar Lodge, with the Duke and Duchess of Fife, which to her is much more congenial and comfortable.

King Edward finds Balmoral not only bleak and damp, but, above all, gloomy and lonely, and now that he can no longer indulge in the fatiguing deer-stalking expeditions, of which he was formerly so fond, time hangs rather heavily on his hands at Balmoral, and he remains there for as short a time as possible. In fact, I do not suppose he has lived there more than three weeks in the year since he has been on the throne. He prefers Sandringham, Windsor, London, and places abroad.

Moreover, the family of the Prince and Princess of Wales has now become too numerous for Abergeldie

Castle, the Highland home which was put at their disposal at the time of their marriage. They need a bigger establishment, and as King Edward cannot, by the terms of his mother's will, sell Balmoral, or transfer it to the Government, as he did in the case of Osborne (now used as a convalescent home for naval and military officers, and as a naval academy), he proposes to turn it over to his only son, whose presence there with his wife and children during a part of the year, will relieve, in a measure, the King from the ill-will which he would arouse north of the Tweed were he, after deserting Balmoral, to shut it up as a source of useless expense.

Bruin Replaces the Doll.

One of the oddest crazes that has struck the realm of childhood in the United States of late is the fashion of carrying bears in lieu of dolls. Ever since President Roosevelt, who is said to be responsible for the whim, returned from his famous Western trip with a couple of bears as his game, “Teddy's bears,” introduced by some farseeing manufacturer, have taken like wildfire, and to-day at all the seashore resorts children are seen hugging to their bosoms bears of different sizes, while their dollies are neglected.

At all the Jersey resorts there are troops of little girls and big ones, too—even women—who lug bear apats about with them. Sartorially, bears are quite as smart as their little mistresses and entire wardrobes suitable to the different occasions when they must appear in society are provided.

One of the favorite styles of dress is the sweater and Tam O'Shanter combinations, while occasionally a pair of goggles and a string of coral beads will constitute the costume. Bathing suits are provided so that the bears can accompany their mistresses into the water. Much smarter clothing comes for other important social functions when full dress is required. At Atlantic City even the women have adopted the craze, and it is not at all unusual to see a woman riding in a wheeled chair with a big brown bear beside her.

A Holiday Hero.

Now he is coming back
From his vacation,
With an enormous stack
Of information!
Anecdotes by the score
Into your ear he'll pour,
He is the greatest bore
In all creation!

Quite half of what he says
Is iteration,
Yet he can talk for days
Without cessation!
Tell you of table d'hotes,
Drives, rides and sailing boats,
Dotted with various notes
Of admiration!

Oh, the wild yarns he'll weave
Of some flirtation,
Which you may well believe
With hesitation;
What he did, where he went,
What lots of cash he spent,
Now back without a cent,
Same old collation!

Best not take too much heed
Of his narration,
For his tales always need
Verification!
Would he but always stay
On a long holiday!
No! There he comes this way!
Oh, botheration!

An Apt Pupil.

A Woman preached one morning a temperance sermon to her husband, who was suffering from the effects of the night before.

“The great trouble with you, George,” the woman said, “is that you cannot say ‘No.’ Learn to say ‘No,’ George, and you will have fewer headaches. Can you let me have a little money this morning?”

“No!” said George, with apparent ease.—“Modern Society.”

Having the Matter Understood.

“You are a man after my own heart,” said the Pittsburgh heiress. “I am glad to hear you say that,” replied the marquis. “I was afraid you might suspect that I was after your money.”—Chicago “Record.”

Eccentric.

“What an eccentric sort of a woman Mrs. Binkley is.”

“I know it. She has never gone to a hospital to be operated on for anything.”—Chicago “Record.”

Blaming the Typewriter

THE phrase “dictated but not reread” is now occasionally seen stamped or typewritten in the lower left-hand corner of a typewritten letter. This is the latest loophole of escape adopted by cautious though very busy men to avoid reading over the letters they dictate, and, at the same time, to explain any error made by a careless or ignorant stenographer, says the New York “Sun.”

By this simple expedient a business man is able to affix his signature to each of a pile of typewritten letters, trusting to luck that no glaring mistakes have been made. Again, with this printed explanation the business man may leave before the day's mail is finished, this explanation making a personal signature unnecessary.

This scheme for relieving one's self from the results of mistakes, caused either by the misunderstanding of a word at the time of dictating or the stenographer's ignorance of business terms, was first adopted by travelling salesmen obliged to have most of their correspondence done at hotels along the route, and never sure of the accuracy of the stenographer available.

As in many cases a salesman is obliged to leave for another city before his letters are finished, the necessity for some such explanation is obvious. While a carbon copy of each letter is usually sent him at his next stopping place, the original goes on to the headquarters of his company and sometimes contains amusing mistakes, the result of ignorance of the terms used in his particular line of business.

For instance, not long ago a fire insurance adjuster obliged to dictate an important letter just before taking a train was surprised on his next visit to the home office to find that only about half of his letter had been received. About midway in the letter the stenographer inserted this note:

“Here the gentleman went so fast I didn't know what he said, but it was something about a cross-eyed agreement.”

After a little thought on the part of the one who dictated the letter he remembered that he had referred to a quasi agreement, an expression with which the hotel stenographer was evidently unfamiliar.

Another instance was the case of a young attorney who dictated a letter to his stenographer, asking a brother lawyer if he could argue a demurrer on a certain day. The letter was sent out hurriedly and not reread.

The next day the letter was returned to the writer asking for an interpretation of what seemed a surprising request. Investigation showed that the stenographer had misread her notes, and inquired if the young lawyer could “agree to be demure” on a certain day.

“Dictated by —, but not reread by him” is sometimes added at the bottom of a letter by means of a rubber stamp, the initials of the particular person dictating the letter being filled in with a pen. This method is adopted when the letter has been dictated by one member of a firm and signed by another perhaps not entirely familiar with the subject matter.

Boxed Up.

Mrs. Waddle was quite in a state of excitement when the new gramophone arrived, and thinking to give the parrot a bit of a surprise, she started the instrument off with “Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,” as sung by Mr. Waddle in his most approved drawing-room fashion.

At the very first note, Polly opened her eyes in surprise, and then flew to her perch, where she rocked herself to and fro in speechless and deep astonishment, while the machine ground out the rest of the tune.

“There, Polly,” asked Mrs. Waddle, when the song had come to an end, “what do you think of that?”

“My word,” shrieked the bird, with his head on one side, and winking wickedly, “we've got the old man boxed up this time, and no mistake!”

Circumstantial Evidence.

Lord Denman, the first peer of that name, and at one time Chief Justice of England, used to tell of the following experience. In his early life he once received a large quantity of wine and sent some of it to a much older friend. Luckily, just before it was despatched, the discovery was made that the butler had by oversight put it into bottles which had previously contained a deadly poison.

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Lord Denman used to add, “If a similar set of facts resulting in a charge of wilful murder had been brought before me after I became a judge, I should certainly have directed the jury to find a verdict of guilty, for the bottles which were to be sent to my friend were all poisoned, while not one of those retained for my own use was so; and the motive would have seemed perfectly clear, for my friend had made a will in my favor, and I was aware of the fact.”—Liverpool “Post-Mercury.”

The Blue Polemonium.

Where far the great heights falter,
Where grim the clouds go by,
What bird were you, or whisper,
Once lost 'twixt earth and sky?

For flower I cannot call you,
Frail bell of skyey birth—
A kiss thrown up to heaven,
A sigh sent back to earth.

And dawn's first glow you pennon,
And eve's last golden bar,
Where pinnacled in Loneliness,
You storm lone sun and star!

Or, azure child of azure,
Born more of air than sod,
Are you but some lost angel,
Caught groping back to God?
—Arthur Stringer, in “Smart Set.”

Courtesy in Copenhagen.

Copenhagen, Denmark, is a city of canals and cleanliness—a land of pure delight, free from beggars, organ-grinders, and stray dogs. The inhabitants thereof are born courteous, and seem never to have recovered from the habit. When a passenger boards a car in Copenhagen, he exchanges greetings with the conductor; a gentleman, on leaving the car, usually lifts his hat in acknowledgement of a salute from that official. When a fare is paid the conductor drops it into his cash-box, thanks the passenger, and gives him a little paper receipt. He offers change with a preliminary “Be so good,” and the passenger accepts it with thanks. If, in addition, transfers are required, complimentary exchanges go on indefinitely. Yet there is always time enough in Copenhagen.—“Four-Track News.”

What He Hit.

A man visiting some relatives in Scotland was persuaded to try a game of golf. At his first stroke he aimed a terrific blow at the ball, scattering the turf to right and left, and looked around for the result. “What have I hit?” he asked. “Scotland, sir,” gruffly answered the caddie.—“Tit-Bits.”

There are hothouse thoughts—beautiful, but tasteless.—“Life.”

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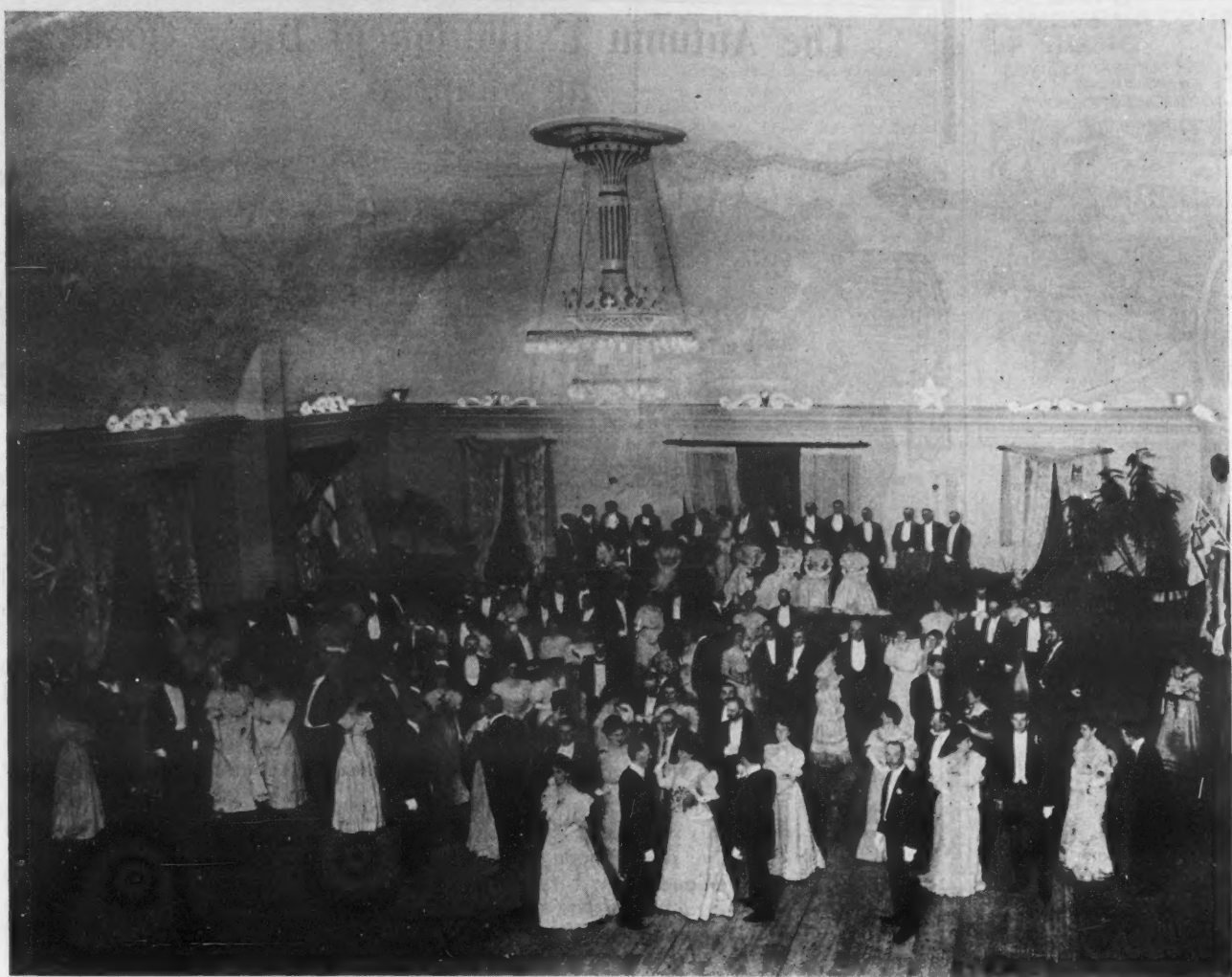
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THE BALL GIVEN AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES, EARL AND COUNTESS GREY.

St. John's, Newfoundland.

ALTHOUGH the official apathy which greeted the arrival of the Governor-General of Canada in Newfoundland was a condition not to be denied or explained away, there was plenty of entertaining, and a distinct flutter in certain sections of society marked the vice-regal visit. Among other events was the ball given by the citizens, mainly under the liberal management of the Canadians who have done so much to develop and improve the Island, and who spared neither care, time, nor money to make the ball enjoyable to their distinguished guests and all others present. The ball was held in British Hall, and the Governor, Sir William McGregor, his family and suite, with the Governor-General of Canada, Lady Grey, the Ladies Sibyl and Evelyn Grey and Captain Trotter, made a brilliant entrée. Through the kindness of Mr. J. C. Parsons, who flashed the gay scene, I am able to give my readers a glimpse at the ball, in which all Canadians took an interest, on account of the guests of honor. His Excellency and his party were taken by special train to Bay of Islands, by Mr. W. D. Reid, on August 5, to meet the "Minto," and finish their tour by sea. While in St. John's, His Excellency walked out alone one morning from Government House to Cabot Tower, the signal station at the mouth of the harbor. While inspecting the tower he signed the visitors' book: "Grey, Governor-General of Canada." The ancient signal man, of Devon parentage, noticed the signature and hastened to assure His Excellency of his pleasure at the visit, adding: "Till I saw your name, I had no notion you were a Governor-General." His Excellency replied laughingly: "Of course not—how should you? When I look just like any other man." The old Devon sailor adds, when telling this: "But, indeed, he's as fine a man as ever came up the hill, and I was proud to speak with him." I hear that the Governor-General has invited the St. John's Ladies' String Band to visit Ottawa next winter, about the time of the opening and drawing-room, and that this interesting and talented collection of artists, recruited from the smart coteries of St. John's, and answering somewhat to our Toronto Strolling Players' Orchestra, will probably be visiting the Capital at that date. They play so well that they will be very welcome there.

LADY GAY.

CARS COLLIDE FOR FUN.

THE latest thing in the freak amusement line for summer resorts is known as the Leap Frog Railway. Its name describes exactly what this remarkable railway does. Two electric cars, each carrying thirty-two to forty comfortably-seated passengers, meet in a head-on collision while travelling along a single track. Instead of a smash-up, with its consequent horror of torn and mangled human beings, that would ordinarily ensue, one of these cars easily and gracefully glides up a set of curved rails with which the roof of the other car is provided, passes over it and slides down to the track beyond.

The Leap Frog Railway is located in Dreamland Park, Coney Island, on a pier running out into the ocean for 500 feet. The track is just long enough to allow the cars to develop a speed of about eight miles an hour, and as one is started at one end and

a second at the other, they are calculated to meet at the center of the track. However, instead of smashing together, one jumps over the other, for each is provided with a little railroad in itself. This is known as an overswitch or super-imposed track. The overswitch is provided with what are called pilot rails, which have an adjustable connection with the railway on which the car moves. They are so arranged that, at the moment of collision, the wheels of the car which is to mount the other, pass from the main track upon the overswitch and it passes above without even a jar.

As might be expected each car is constructed very solidly to withstand the strain caused by the continual impact, the steel framework alone weighing fourteen tons. Each car is also provided with motors of sixty horsepower, which are sufficient to drive the car which makes the leap up the incline.

The Real Question.

Did you climb to the top of the hill of Fame?
Did you tackle the world, and beat it?
Did you succeed, my friend, to your name?
Did you meet defeat, and defeat it?
Well, maybe you did; but the question to-day
Is not what you did, or how;
But "What are you doing?" and
"How are you fixed?"
And "Where are you standing just now?"

Were you born in a hut, or raised in a slum?
Were you ragged, and tattered, and tearful?
Did you wallow through trouble when you were young,
With never a kind word or cheerful?
Well, it isn't those things that matter to-day,
The past—we question it not;
But, "How are you rated this day and this hour?"
Who are you, and what have you got?"

We are prone to forget 'tis man's lot to die,
To make room for others who need it.
We try to live on through the record we've made,
And Death's call—we strive not to heed it.
But it matters little to any save us,
How soon the "mortal" we shed.
If we have the sense, when we're out of the race.

Big Ben Loses a Minute.

"Big Ben" is so much above reproach as a national institution that when anything goes wrong with the great clock it is generally assumed that the weather is to blame. Yesterday morning Messrs. Dent, the builders of the clock, were informed that it had lost a minute.

It was the chief item of local interest. Everyone said that the poor clock was suffering from the heat, and that the pendulum had got weary of wagging through the tropical hours, but the real cause was given by Mr. Dent.

"When we heard of the unusual occurrence," he said, "we sent down a skilled workman to ascertain the cause. He found that the clock was correct, but that the workmen had been changing the lamps in the clock

tower, and in so doing they must have interfered with the dial works, and so checked the progress of the clock. At two o'clock everything was in order again."

"Big Ben" is the largest striking clock in the world. The minute hands are fourteen feet long and weigh two hundredweight each, the pendulum is thirteen feet long, and the bob weight four hundredweight. It takes two men five hours to wind the clock, which is done three times a week. Twice a day "Big Ben" telegraphs its time automatically to Greenwich Observatory, which enables its performance to be checked. —London "Chronicle."

The Irish Gael.

As Dr. Douglas Hyde points out, "the Irish Gael is pious by nature; there is not an Irishman in a hundred in whom is the making of an unbeliever. God is for him assured, true, intelligible. When he meets a neighbor, instead of saying 'Bon jour' or 'Good morning,' he says, 'God salute you.'" Indeed, all the ordinary invocations and salutations of the Irish language are governed by this religious feeling. "When he takes snuff from you he will say: 'The blessing of God be with the souls of your dead.' If a sudden wonderment surprise him, he will cry: 'A thousand laudations to God,' and if he be shown a young child or anything else for the first time he will say: 'Prosperity from God on it.'—Spectator."

A Land of Distances.

The Canadian correspondent of the Washington "Star" has this to say: "Your Canadian will hook up a couple of range ponies to his light buckboard or swing himself over the back of a home-bred horse, and travel a trifle of fifty or sixty miles to a dance or a frolic of any kind without thinking it over a minute. And along the

MORE THAN MONEY

A Minister Talks About Grape-Nuts.

"My first stomach trouble began back in 1895," writes a minister in Nebraska, "resulting from hasty eating and eating too much. I found no relief from medicine and grew so bad that all food gave me great distress."

"It was that sore, gnawing, hungry feeling in my stomach that was so distressing, and I became a sick man. Grape-Nuts was recommended as a food that could be easily digested. "Leaving the old diet that had given me so much trouble, I began to eat Grape-Nuts with a little cream and sugar. The change effected in 24 hours was truly remarkable, and in a few weeks I was back to health again."

"My work as a minister calls me away from home a great deal, and recently I drifted back to fat meat and indigestible foods, which put me again on the sick list."

"So I went back to Grape-Nuts and cream, and in four days I was put right again. The old dull headaches are gone, stomach comfortable, head clear, and it is a delight to pursue my studies and work."

"Grape-Nuts food is worth more than money to me, and I hope this may induce some sufferer to follow the same course I have."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

line of the railroad 'tis the same. I met a very genial gentleman while travelling over the Canadian Northern at the frightful speed of eight miles an hour, who, as he informed me, had 'just been' up the line a bit to take dinner with Aunt Hattie. The genial person lived at Prince Albert, and I found out after a little conversation that Aunt Hattie resided some 700 odd miles up away. Think of travelling from Washington to Chicago to take tea with Sister Sue or anybody else! Isn't it a wonder?"

McGuigan of the Grand Trunk.

When McGuigan went west to the Wabash, many years ago, he wore a frock coat, silk hat and Dundreary whiskers. The west was woolly then, and the western railway men whom McGuigan shook up, called him that "blank, dash, qualified asterisk Englishman."

When McGuigan came to Canada and seized the Grand Trunk by the scruff of the neck for a reform shake up, he had shaved off those whiskers, and he wore the soft felt hat of Kansas City. Also he spoke the speech of Kansas City. The breathless Grand Trunk men called him that "qualified asterisk, dash, blank, infernal Yankee."

But McGuigan calls himself a Canadian now. Coyle, the train-master, who purred apologies for what he called tedious travel when that special was burning the rails at a breathless rate, came originally from Youngstown, where he was with the Erie—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

Town Site Costs \$2,000,000.

The price, \$1,926,065, paid by the United States Steel Corporation for its site for the coming city of Gary, Ind., has been entered on the books of the county recorder at Crown Point. This is the largest real estate deal ever closed in the Hoosier State.

Four years ago this property was assessed at only \$243,950. It is planned to spend \$75,000,000 on this site in the next eight years. The city is laid out and the exact location of every plant as well as the areas to be devoted to residences has been determined. The tract measures 2,793.58 acres.—Pittsburg "Dispatch."

Like a Dog-Watch.

Mamma had not noticed the clock striking during all of the afternoon, and, thinking perhaps it had stopped, she asked little Rita to go into the hall and see if it was running. After a hasty survey of the long pendulum swinging back and forth, Rita ran back and announced: "Why, no, mamma, it isn't running. It's standing still and wagging its tail." —Washington "Post."

A Rapid Conclusion.

Softleigh—Good evening, Mrs. Moran. I came to see if your daughter, Miss Mabel, would go for a walk with me.

Miss Mabel—How do you do, Mr. Softleigh? I shall be delighted. Mamma, do I look fit to go to a restaurant?—"Life."

A Question.

Mr. Carnegie, doubtless you can aid in pronouncing too. Tell us now, in view of "Wooster," why is Rochester not "Rooster"? —Boston "Transcript."

Hi. Tragedy—Did they call for the author?

Vil. Ayne—Call for him! Why, they came up on the stage after him.

On a Warm Evening
You Will Appreciate a Glass of ICED

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

It is Simply Delicious

Sold in Lead Packets [only at popular prices by all Grocers]



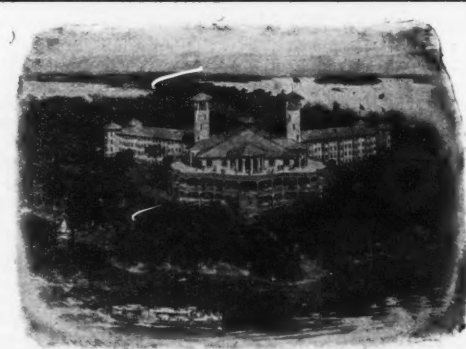
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Is a modern House on shore of the Lake, offering first-class accommodation to guests. Gasoline Launches, Boating, Lawn Tennis, Golfing, Excursions, Bowling, Billiards, Ball-room, etc., in separate Recreation Hall, ensuring quietness in House proper. Sanitary conveniences modern. Hot and cold baths on all floors. Ice-cold Laurentian water piped from spring in the hills. Electrically lighted throughout. For information and booklet, write

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The Wedding.

Clergyman—Until death do you part.

The Bride (in vestry)—Don't, darling, you'll rumple my hair.

The Father—It's twenty-five years since I was fixed up, my boy. Rough with the smooth. Every happiness will follow.

Best Man—I er—er—I—er thank you all on behalf of the ladies.

Bride's Mother—Oh, my dear, parting is dreadful. Don't forget to face the engine.

Servant—Wish you all happiness, miss—ma'am.

One of the Crowd—She ain't a patch on my Susan. Lor, don't the bridegroom look a terror? She'll 'ave a temper to put up with—"Answers."

Reflections of a Bachelor.

Unless a man is abused a lot he never amounts to much.

A man has a lot of fun being a pessimist if he is rich and healthy and happy.

The college graduates who delivered addresses on how to succeed are now trying to.

If a girl's waist isn't to squeeze it's mighty funny why it was made such a good fit to a man's arm.—New York "Press."

Quick or You're Dead.

A schoolmaster asked a small urchin the other day the meaning of "The Quick or the Dead." "Please, sir," he said, "the man as gets out of the way of the motor car is quick, and 'im as doesn't is dead."—London "Tribune."

To a man his club is meet and drink.—Philadelphia "Record."

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Preston Springs, Ont.

The popular Health Resort and Mineral Springs under new management. Renovated throughout. Excellent cuisine.

J. W. HIRST & SONS, Props.

Late of the Elliott House, Toronto

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Surpassingly beautiful. Everything ideal for a summer outing, especially for families. No liquor and quiet Sundays and a resident physician. A select place for select people. Excellent cuisine. Inexpensive. Only one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Toronto on the Canadian Pacific Railway. For views and particulars address C. T. Denly, Hotel Manager, Bon Echo P. O., Frontenac county, Ontario. Call at the office of C.P.R., cor. Yonge and King streets, and see the large pictures, and get an illustrated folder.

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Whole block of beach front in the smart cottage colony. Why stop at hotels on "avenues" and "near" the beach when for almost the same rate you can be ON the beach in a first-class house? White service; heated swimming pool; every luxury.

Regatta at Minnicoganashene

THE guests at The Minnicoganashene in the Georgian Bay had two delightful days of aquatic sports on Friday and Saturday last, August 17 and 18. The regatta opened on Friday morning with a dinghy race, the crews consisting of ladies and gentlemen who were spending the summer on the island, including boys, who were as skilful in handling the boats as their older competitors, and some of whose names appear among the prize winners.

Twelve boats crossed the line to a splendid flying start, a fresh breeze filling all the sails, and the fleet presenting a lively and beautiful scene to the many spectators who were gathered on the long pier, the rocks, and the verandahs of the Main House and the adjacent cottages. The bay in front of the island is an ideal spot for such a scene, and the onlookers could enjoy the whole race from start to finish, as the boats sailed away to the point where they turned to pass behind a low island, over which the sails could be seen from the shore, and from which they emerged to continue their course in full view of the spectators until the finish.

This race was followed after luncheon by a mixed race of all the sailing craft on the island, which included three large mackinaws and other sailing boats in addition to those which competed in the first race. The breeze still continued fresh, and the second race presented an even finer spectacle than the first; the larger sails of the Mackinaws, and the variety in the appearance of the smaller craft, making a very pretty picture. This race terminated the first day's contests and on Saturday morning the tug-of-war commenced between the expert canoeists and the champion rowers of both sexes, being followed in the afternoon by swimming and diving contests of both sexes, there being a large number of competitors in both the ladies and men's races and in the swimming and diving contests for girls and boys. The following is the prize list:

Sailing race—1, The Fiske brothers of Toronto; 2, Miss Mara.

Second sailing race, open—1, Mr. Thomas Thurber, Detroit; Mr. John Garrow, Toronto.

Ladies' double canoe—1, Miss Hemmings and Miss Mackenzie, Toronto; 2, Miss Hamilton and Miss Schultz, Montreal.

Ladies' single canoe—1, Miss Helen Matthews, Toronto; 2, Miss Mackenzie, Toronto.

Men's double canoe—Messrs Paul and Herbert Tappan, Mansfield, O. Men's single canoe—1, Mr. E. C. May, Maywood, N.J.; 2, Mr. F. R. MacKellan, Toronto.

Ladies' single skiff—1, Miss Helen Fiske, Toronto; 2, Miss Violet Mackenzie, Toronto.

Boys' swimming match—1, Mr. Pell Foster, New York; 2, Mr. Allan Tappan, Mansfield, O.

Mixed canoe race—1, Miss and Mr. Mackenzie, Toronto; 2, Miss Helen Matthews and Mr. F. R. MacKellan, Toronto.

Crab race—1, Mr. Stanley Beatty, Toronto; 2, Mr. Robinson, Hamilton. Men's single skiff—1, Mr. Radcliffe, Brooklyn, N.Y.; 2, Mr. Mackenzie, Toronto.

Ladies' double skiff—1, Miss Helen Fiske, Toronto, and Miss Thurber, Detroit; 2, Miss May, Maywood, and Miss Violet Mackenzie, Toronto.

Men's double skiff—1, Messrs Paul and Herbert Tappan, Mansfield, O.; 2, Mr. Frank Brennan, Detroit, and Mr. Cummins, Wheeling, W.Va.

Tilting—1, Mr. James Garrow, Toronto; 2, Mr. Radcliffe, Brooklyn, N.Y. Ladies' swimming race—1, Miss Helen Fiske, Toronto; 2, Miss Thurber, Detroit.

Men's swimming race—Mr. E. C. May, Maywood, N.J. Fancy diving—1, Mr. Douglas Fiske, Toronto; 2, Mr. Allan Tappan, Mansfield, O.

The prizes were presented on Monday evening in the Octagon, which was filled by the guests of the summer resort, the presentations being made by Miss Cautley, and being followed by speeches from Mr. F. T. May and Mr. MacKellan, and from Colonel Cautley, to whom a hearty vote of thanks was passed for the opportunity he had given the guests of enjoying two such delightful days of sport. A similar vote of thanks was given to the committee of ladies and gentlemen who had made and carried out the arrangements for the regatta, and for the purchase and awarding of the prizes.

When this programme was concluded the guests were entertained by songs from Miss Kemp and Miss Fisher (Toronto), Miss Schultz (Montreal), Mrs. MacKellan and Miss Dunlop (Hamilton), interspersed with lively sets of lancers, and with waltzes and two-steps, and winding up with the Sir Roger de Coverly.

Naturally.

Two Irishmen, much disturbed for the future of this country, were recently discussing the matter, when one of them observed:

"I tell you, Carroll, them furriners is gettin' an awful hold in the United States."

"Ye say true," assented the second Celt. "Why, I was readin' over the list of min naturalized be the Circuit Court yesterday, an' ivery wan of them was furrin."—Harper's Weekly.



Our only Subaltern, finding his gun masked and realizing that no military command will fit the situation, rises to the occasion and shouts "FORE!" —"Punch."

A Premeditated Proxy

VAN TWILLER gripped his friend Castleton's arm hard as the prettiest girl at Sandhurst passed them a short distance ahead.

"There she goes!" he said excitedly. "Isn't she fine? The worst of it is, old man, that I'm crazy about her, and haven't got the nerve to tell her. Been here a couple of weeks, too. Never realized before how little I knew about women. Devoted myself too much to business, I guess. How I envy you your experience. Now you would know just what to say to a girl like that! You've been drifting around so much in society."

"Well, I don't know that that is so much to my credit," laughed Castleton. "But if I can give you the benefit of my experience, I'd be only too glad. By Jove! She is pretty!"

"She's splendid, I tell you; quite out of the ordinary—that is, she seems so to me! Now what shall I do? How shall I act? What shall I say? When you're in love with a girl, what's the proper thing?"

Castleton mused. "That depends," he said. "There is no set rule. One has to be governed by circumstances. I should approach her gradually, and then, by certain delicate advances, come to the point. Of course, my dear boy, it all depends on one's temperament and the way it is done. A false step at the wrong moment would be fatal. I don't always succeed. Dear me, no! But I've at least learned what to avoid, and I know all the openings."

Castleton twirled his moustache. "Of course," he continued, "it is, in a way, a matter of temperament—this getting on with a girl. It's done by instinct."

"You fill me with despair—and envy."

"Don't be discouraged. In time, you'll do as well as I. You've been occupied with other things. You can't expect to learn it all in a day. Keep your confidence, even though at first it seems hard."

"But I simply can't do a thing. And, of course, she doesn't understand how I feel. Give me a pointer. Tell me what you would do. I say—" He gazed earnestly at his friend. "You're only going to be here a day, so you're safe. I'll introduce you, and do you give me a lesson."

"You mean—"

Van Twiller considered. "There's a bunch of rocks down the beach," he said. "I've wanted to take her down there and talk to her, but didn't know how to manage it. Now you do it, old man. You'll know, of course. No need to advise you. I'll hide behind the biggest rock, and hear how you do it. Then when you'll go back, I'll see my way clear."

"All right. I don't mind." Castleton was introduced forthwith to Miss Dorothy Dale. In a few hours he had made great progress. By night he was well on in his experienced way. The next morning he walked down the beach with her toward the clump of rocks.

Van Twiller had stationed himself there before hand out of sight. Pretty soon he heard voices.

"Ah, Miss Dale," Castleton was saying, "I'm so glad to have met you. May I call you Dorothy?"

"No, sir!"

Van Twiller leaned over and saw his friend attempt to take the pretty girl's hand. She withdrew it promptly. Also, she rose.

"Let us go back," she said abruptly. "You have been rude."

Van Twiller followed at a distance. "Well," he said, when his friend joined him, "you didn't succeed very well."

"I should say not. First time in my life that a girl at a summer resort turned me down. But I'm not going to give it up. Oh, no!"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to stay over. I shall keep at that girl until I succeed."

Van Twiller whistled. "How about me?" he said.

"Sorry, old chap, but I'm in love with her myself."

"Do you think it's fair? You, with all your experience, especially when I introduced you?"

"No. But I can't help it."

"All right," he said. "At least, however, you'll be square enough to let me have the next interview?"

"Certainly."

Van Twiller hurried after Miss

Dale. He found her on the beach reading.

About two hours later he sought Castleton in his room. That young man was putting on a new suit. For ten minutes he had been trying to get the right touch on a four-dollar cravat. He was going to make everything count.

"Well," he said, with a ring of confidence in his voice, "what luck?"

"First rate."

"Yes. You needn't stay, old chap. It will only be a waste of time."

Castleton turned half angrily. "What do you mean?" he asked.

Van Twiller smiled. "Forgive me," he said. "But you know I've been engaged to that girl for a week. I merely wanted to find out through you if she was true to me."—"Life."

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The Autumn Exhibition of Dress Goods at Simpson's.



NEVER have more ambitious preparations for an exhaustive exposition of a season's dress goods production been witnessed than we have made for this fall. The largest aggregation of textiles we ever showed—largest in actual quantity, bulk and number, largest in variety, largest in breadth, scope and comprehensiveness.

"Simpson's for Dress Goods" was never so true a saying as it will be this year. Any fashionable dress goods fabric you can think of is here. And mind you, nothing but what good taste and good dress goods judgment will sanction, can be discovered in the whole immense assemblage. The very cream of the world's dress goods—that's what we strive for, and our national reputation proves that we succeed.

Readers of this paper will know how well the Simpson dress goods department compares with other dress goods stores on this continent in points of light, comfort beauty and convenience. Its carpeted aisles give forth no sound. It is removed from the rush and racket of the street. Shopping is a luxury in a department like this. Please consider that this announcement is an invitation to come and see the advance showing of Simpson dress goods for fall.

New Weaves. New Styles. New Ideas. New Fabrics. New Fancies. New Qualities.

New Sedan and Chiffon Broadcloths, New Venetians and Beaver Broadcloths, New Mannish Tweeds and Worsteds, New Cheviots, Vicunas and Canvas Suitings, New Silk Embroidered Voiles and San Toys, New Silk Embroidered Crepes and Eolienines, etc. New Black Dress Fabrics, in all weaves and weights, silk and wool effects, fine suitings, etc., new goods opening out every day. Widest range of prices in the Dominion. Come and see.

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THE Lancashire brass band, the Besses o' th' Barn band, who have been the principal attraction at Hanlan's Point this week, have shown themselves worthy successors to the Black Dike band, their Yorkshire rivals. They have won the favorable verdict of both the amateur and professional element among their audiences. They scored a triumph on their first appearance on Monday afternoon, the applause with which their music was received growing in fervor as the programme proceeded. Speaking generally, they revealed the fine qualities and characteristics in performance which were noted in the case of the Black Dike band. With surprising technical skill and surety of execution, they have also a fine, broad musical tone, which is both brilliant and mellow. In close harmonies with subdued power, they produced a splendid organ-like effect, beautifully blended in the tone. It was an additional surprise to hear the cornets in the overtures and operatic selections delivering difficult passages originally written for strings and reeds, with clear-cut precision and truth of intonation. The attack of the band was always unanimous in the ensembles, and in accentuation they showed themselves far superior to many of the good military bands of the Old Land. They give their closing concert at the Island this (Saturday) afternoon and evening.

Smetana's comic opera, "The Bartered Bride," was given a festival production at Prague a few weeks ago to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of its original presentation there. Since that time it has been sung no fewer than four hundred times. It is a pity that the work has never been heard in Canada, and I understand that although promised for New York, it has not yet been given in that city.

David Bispham is busy selecting a cast for the production of Liza Lehmann's opera on the subject of "The Vicar of Wakefield."

Dr. Torrington has returned to the city from his vacation at Portland, and will resume his duties at the Metropolitan Church on Sunday next.

The Princess Theater, redecorated and reconstructed, so far as its auditorium is concerned, will reopen for the season on Monday next, with "Captain Careless," a musical play that is said to promise a bright and amusing evening. A prominent part in the cast will be taken by Alice Yorke (Coddie Hill), formerly of Toronto, and a general favorite here. The Grand Opera House will have also a musical play to inaugurate the coming season next Monday, in the shape of our old friend "The Yankee Consul."

The Joachim Quartette is still considered the best chamber music organization in Europe. It has, however, recently suffered a great loss in the incapacitation of Professor Wirth, the viola player, who suddenly became blind when the Quartette was in London, and had to return to Germany.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music will reopen on September 4. Extensive repairs have been going on for some time past, apart from the addition of a new wing, containing a dozen studios. This will temporarily relieve the congestion which has hampered the management during the past few seasons. The residence, almost doubled in size since last winter, is already unable to accommodate the students, who come from all parts of this Continent and beyond. Recourse has to be taken to outside pensions, as will be noticed by our advertising column. In addition to the several new departments already referred to in these columns, the School of Modern Languages, under the principalship of Monsieur Guy de Lestard, has associated itself with the Conservatory, which, no doubt will prove a great advantage to those students who intend to continue their studies on the Continent. For completeness, the Toronto Conservatory offers all that could be desired, and is no doubt the cause for continued expansion.

Mr. Horace Wiltshire, the Planer of the "Mail and Empire," has been appointed correspondent of the New York "Musical Age." He is also the representative here of "Musical America."

Kubelik has cancelled his tour in the United States and Canada the coming season, owing to a disagreement with his manager, Hugo Gorlitz.

Mr. W. G. Armstrong, the talented young baritone, formerly of Toronto, has accepted the position at Pittsburgh, lately vacated by Andrea Freni, who has gone to New York to take charge of the vocal department of the Damrosch School.

The rehearsals of the National Chorus will be resumed early in September, at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Amongst the works selected for study during the coming

good for the country or not; he is convinced that it is bad for music. The great fault of British music and British performers has been a certain coldness and want of emotion, and those very defects are precisely the merits for which our universities strive. They specialize in the national character, but the very parts in which they specialize are those which can have no traffic with music."

Miss Gladys Patterson of Boston delighted the congregation of Elm street Methodist Church at the evening service on Sunday last with the solo "The Day is Ended," by Bartlett, and also a duet, with Mr. Carnahan. Miss Patterson, who is a most charming young lady, possesses a rich mezzo-soprano voice, of good compass and pleasing quality. Her enunciation is good, and she sings with ease and expression. Miss Patterson may return to Toronto again in October.

Dr. Torrington's programme with the Festival Chorus for the coming season, includes Rossini's "Stabat Mater," the "Messiah," and Max Bruch's "Cross of Fire." Dr. Torrington invites players of string instruments who are anxious to get orchestral practice to send in their names to him at the College of Music.

I am informed that two of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas will be produced during the season by local companies. Mr. R. Stuart Pigott is expected to revive the "Mikado," and Mr. E. W. Schuch "The Pirates of Penzance." There will be a large number of the younger people in musical circles, who will be delighted to be given an opportunity of hearing these eminently pleasing works.

Mr. Rudolph Arenson has signed with Ferencz Hegedues, the violin virtuoso, for a tour of the United States and Canada, commencing in November. Hegedues has been pronounced by his instructor, Jean Hubay, "a second Wieniawski." He is the possessor of the famous "Giant" Guarnerius, insured by Lloyd's, London, for \$25,000.

The musical attraction at the Toronto Exhibition will be the band of His Majesty's Second Life Guards. They will play twice daily, commencing August 27, and will be heard by thousands of musical people from all parts of the country.

Edward Barton, the well-known vocalist and teacher, has resigned his position as bass soloist at Carlton street Methodist Church. Owing to the demand for his services as a vocal instructor, Mr. Barton will open a studio at Nordheimer's in September, and will also continue to teach at his private studio, 191 Robert street. Concert engagements are being booked for the coming season under the management of the Canadian Music Bureau.

CHERUBINO. BUSTER BROWN CHILDREN ARRIVE.

The Musical Tots Who Are to Play Bell Pianos at Toronto Exhibition in Town.

The talented Buster Brown children have arrived in the city, and are stopping with friends in the west end. A treat is in store for the little folks of Toronto who have heard so much regarding these youngsters. This is



MARY JANE.

the first time that they have been advertised as musicians, and our readers will learn with surprise that they play together such a classical selection as the overture to "William Tell," as well as other difficult compositions of the old masters. Mary Jane and Buster are brother and sister.



BUSTER BROWN.

ter, and have passed with first honors, scholarships under the tuition of several well-known gold medalists. Mary Jane is 11 years old and Buster is 10, and they will be glad to meet the Toronto children during the continuance of the Exhibition. They say they like the Bell Pianos to play on, as the actions are so easy. They will be in attendance daily at the Bell Piano Company's sound-proof pavilion in the Manufacturers' Building.

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The Six-Day Paper on the Pacific.

A six-day paper, with a Sunday in place of a Monday issue, originated on the Pacific Coast in this way: In 1851 five San Francisco printers, who had lost their situations because they declined to work at lower rates than the union scale, conceived the idea of publishing a daily newspaper. Two papers at San Francisco were seven-day publications. One was a six-day. The subscription rates ranged from 25 cents to 50 cents per week. The five printers out of a job arranged to issue a 12 1/2-cent-a-week paper, and named it "The Call." They decided to print six days a week, and for some time it was a moot question whether they would issue on Sunday or Monday. Two of the lads were churchgoers, who argued that if they should print on Monday they would lose the opportunity of attending divine worship, for a Monday morning issue requires nearly all the work to be done on the Sabbath. After a long discussion, the churchgoing partners won, and "The Call," until it passed into the hands of a joint stock company and became a seven-day issue, appeared on Sunday instead of Monday. Later one of the young fellows came to British Columbia, and joined "The Colonist," which was then printed three days in each week. When "The Colonist" became a six-day issue Monday was made the blank day. The example has been followed by other publishers, and has remained so ever since.—Vancouver (B.C.) "World."

The "Lady Help."

The "lady help" question arose in Judge Bacon's court, when Eva Helen Silvester sought to recover \$1 as damages from Mrs. Warren.

Judge Bacon—Well, Eva Helen Silvester, were you in the service of Mrs. Lily Warren—in what capacity, general domestic servant, or what?

Plaintiff—No, your honor, I was lady help—(laughter)—at least, I was supposed to be.

Judge Bacon—You were lady help. What is Mrs. Warren?

Plaintiff—She is not the mistress; the mistress lets lodgings.

Judge Bacon—Tell me what a lady help has to do in the house.

Plaintiff—I had to do everything in the house.

Judge Bacon—Is that not what is usually called a general?

Plaintiff (with dignity)—I have not always been a servant, your honor, and I have always been called a lady help.

Judge Bacon—Indeed! Are you a lady?

Plaintiff (with greater dignity)—I was born one, your honor. (Laughter).

Finally Miss Silvester won her case.—London "News."

His Invitation.

"That's Mr. McFront. His daughter is one of the most charming—"

"Yes, I've been out at his home, and he has asked me to call again."

"Get out! You can't make me believe you call on his daughter—"

"No, I didn't call on his daughter, but to collect a bill."—Philadelphia "Press."

The New Arrival.

"Hurry, now, get into bed. You've said your prayers," urged Elsie's mamma.

"No, I ain't through yet," protested the little girl; and she added, "God bless Bridget and make her a good girl, so she'll stay a while."—Philadelphia "Press."

At the banquet of the British Medical Association, held at the King Edward Hotel, August 23, Dry Monopoly was the only wine officially served and Apollinaris Mineral Water.

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The following little anecdote comes from an English resident in a German household, where English only is spoken at the table: Gretchen: "Mother, in the milk-pail was a dead mouse." Mother: "Well, hast thou it thereout taken?" Gretchen: "No; I have the cat therein thrown."

One day when William M. Evarts, Secretary of State under President Hayes, was a college student, he was called on to read Virgil in class. He started out bravely: "Three times I strove to cast my arms around her neck, and—adding lamely, "That's as far as I got, professor." "Well, Mr. Evarts," said the professor, "I think that was quite far enough."

Lady Lytton, wife of the novelist, Bulwer Lytton, wrote of the widow who became the wife of Lord Beaconsfield: "My mother went to call upon Mrs. Wyndham Lewis to condole with her upon the death of her husband. She had no sooner entered the room than the widow came forth all smiles and eagerness. 'Congratulate me, my dear,' she said. 'Disraeli has proposed.'"

An Englishman was competing against an Irishman in a race at a certain regatta. The Englishman was winning so easily that he stopped two or three times, and shouted to Paddy to come along. After the race everyone was chaffing the Irishman on the beating he had received, but he simply shrugged his shoulders and remarked: "Shure, if Oi had as many rests as he had, I could 'av bated him easily!"

Two boys who managed to be rather unruly in school so exasperated their teacher that she requested them to remain after hours and write their names one thousand times. They plunged into the task. Some fifteen minutes later one of them grew uneasy, and began watching his companion in disgrace. Suddenly the first one burst out with despair between his sobs, and said to the teacher: "Tain't fair, mum! His name's Bush and mine's Schluttermeyer."

John Sharp Williams had an engagement to speak in a small Southern town. The train he was travelling on was not of the swiftest, and he lost no opportunity of keeping the conductor informed as to his opinion of that particular road. "Well, if yer don't like it," the conductor finally blurted out, "why in thunder don't yer git out an' walk?" "I would," Mr. Williams blandly replied, "but you see the committee doesn't expect me until this train gets in."

It is said that the Rev. Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren), is degenerating into a punster. At a dinner not long ago the conversation turned to the art—or crime—of punning, and Dr. Watson ventured the opinion that he could do very well in that line, offering to try then and there. He sat silent for a few moments, and Hall Caine, who was among the guests, exclaimed: "Come along, Watson, we're all waiting." The preacher-punster replied at once, "Don't be in such a hurry."

A certain Doctor of Divinity was accustomed to slip down a side aisle at the conclusion of his service and be at the door of exit to greet the people as they passed out. He was especially cordial to strangers. One Sunday he extended his hand to a young German woman, who, in answer to his inquiry, said she lived in a certain suburb. The minister then told her he would like to call and see her some time, whereupon the girl, with a blush, stammered: "Please, sir, I've got a young man already!"

A visitor of noble birth was expected to arrive at a large country house in the North of England, and the daughter of the house, aged seven, was receiving final instructions from her mother. "And now, dear," she said, "when the duke speaks to you do not forget always to say 'your grace.'" Presently the great man arrived, and after greeting his host and hostess he said to the child, "Well, my dear, and what is your name?" Judge of his surprise when the little girl solemnly closed her eyes, and, with clasped hands, exclaimed, "For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful, amen."

Russell Sage, the millionaire, hated lawsuits, and always tried to avoid one if possible. One day he went to his lawyer and laid the details of a case before him. When Mr. Sage was through the lawyer said he would be delighted to take the case; Mr. Sage had a sure case—one, the lawyer said, he couldn't possibly lose. "I can't lose?" asked Mr. Sage. "You can't lose," positively replied the lawyer. "I guess I won't bring suit, then," said Mr. Sage. "But why not?" asked the lawyer in amazement. "Because," replied Mr. Sage as he took up his hat, "it wasn't my side of the case, but my opponent's side, that I laid before you."

When Meyerbeer died, his son composed a funeral march which "remembered his dead father." Full of emotion, the young man took it to Rossini. "Play it, maestro," he pleaded; "play it. I wrote it in expression of my grief and mourning for my dead father." Rossini took

it up and placed it on his piano and played it. Tears rolled down his cheeks. Utter sadness dwelt upon his countenance. "You weep," cried young Meyerbeer, beside himself with joy at the effect upon the great master. "Because," replied Rossini, "I am wishing that you were dead and it was your father who had written the funeral march."

Thus spoke Congressman Cushman in a duel of wit with Bourke Cockran: My admiration of Mr. Cockran was so great that a few days ago I said to a friend of his: "Is it possible that in all of those masterful and misleading addresses which the gentleman 'pulls off' upon this floor that he speaks entirely without preparation—absolutely extempore? Has the gentleman no thought of what he is going to say when he rises to speak?" And his friend said to me: "Mr. Cushman, I not only assure you that Cockran has no idea of what he is going to say when he rises to his feet, but what is more wonderful than that, he speaks with such unusual fluency and enthusiasm that he does not even know what he has said when he sits down."

John I. Fay, a well-known lawyer of Ohio, claims to be the only man in the United States who was unanimously indorsed for an office by all parties and defeated. Fay lived in a suburb of Columbus, and was nominated for mayor. He was indorsed by both parties. It fell out that he had business in Cincinnati on election day, and he went there without stopping to vote. The farmers began to come in. They all asked for Fay. No one knew where he was. "This is a fine mess," said one of them. "Here we are voting for a man who hasn't enough interest in the job to be on hand." "Let's put up a man of our own," said another. They held a convention, nominated another man and voted for him, too. Fay came back about five o'clock. He voted for himself, and complacently waited for the votes to be counted. When they were counted it was discovered that Fay was beaten by eight votes.

The Rev. E. B. H. Macpherson of London, Eng., tells that he was some years ago a guest with Mr. Morley in a house in Scotland. The conversation turned on Henry Drummond. "How was it," asked Mr. Morley, "that your church tolerated Drummond?" His views of things were surely not the views that are held by the Free Church?" "No," was the answer; "but we never took him seriously as a thinker. No one ever believed that he would seriously influence the theological opinion of the church. We regarded him rather as a religious influence." "Ah, yes," Mr. Morley replied, "you are quite right; he wasn't a thinker." For a quarter of an hour or so the talk was of other matters. Then Mr. Morley returned to Drummond. "You said a little while ago that Drummond was a religious influence. How did he show that?" "For one thing, he cleansed Edinburgh University life for several years." "Ah, did he? That's better than being a thinker."

An American artist, during his student days in the Latin Quarter in Paris, was passionately fond of honey, and of a particularly good kind, which he secured in a little restaurant in the quarter. The waiters became accustomed to him and usually had a dish on his table. The student married, and some months later brought his bride to sup at the restaurant and incidentally have her taste the honey of his bachelor days. As they sat down to the table he noticed the absence of the waiter, "Hey, where's my honey?" The waiter, a stranger, looked puzzled for a moment, and then his face clearing, with satisfaction at the thought of exhibiting his familiarity with "rag-time" Americanisms, winked knowingly, and in a hoarse stage whisper, remarked: "Ah, yes, you mean ze leetle black-haired one? She ees not here now, but perhaps I could find out for ze gentleman where she go!" As the ex-student assured the waiter that it was not necessary, he caught his bride's eye, and the meal was finished in silence—and without the honey.

John H. Tennant, a well-known New York editor, and Robert Edgren, the athlete, were sailing a small boat up Long Island Sound early one morning. They came to City Island. There is a channel on one side, where small boats may go in safety, provided they take absolute bearings on

a certain red buoy that marks a dangerous shoal. This channel saves an hour of sailing around the other way. It was foggy, but Edgren, who was at the tiller, thought he could make the short channel. He sent Tennant up to the bow to look for the red buoy, and they squared away. Tennant strained his eyes, peering into the fog. He could not pick up the buoy. They heard the water rushing over the shoals, and knew that if they didn't soon get a correct bearing they would go around. After a short time, while Edgren howled at Tennant for his bearings, Tennant saw, through the fog, a black object that looked like a boat. "Ahoy, there!" he shouted. "Where is that red buoy?" "We're tied to it, fish-in," came back a hoarse reply. "Hurry!" screamed Edgren. "Get that buoy or we're gone!" "The buoy!" shouted Tennant into the fog. "Where in thunder is that red buoy? I can't see it." "Probably not," came back the calm reply. "You see, I've hung my coat on it."

Women Alpine Climbers

F a woman has a cool head, sound health and a good temper she may safely tie herself on to a rope with a couple of first-rate guides, or conduct her family in the tonneau of her motor while she sits at the wheel.

If she has none of these qualities she had better remain at home in her own drawing-room and discourse on the attractions of "womanly wome."

There is, however, one peculiarly womanly quality which is of priceless value to the Alpine climber, says Mrs. Aubrey Le Bond in the London "Daily Mail," and that is blind, unreasoning enthusiasm. What this alone can do has been proved on many occasions, and strikingly in the case of Mlle. d'Angleville, the second woman to ascend Mont Blanc. It was nearly a century ago, and the one ambition of this somewhat elderly lady had for years been to reach the snowy dome of the giant of the Alps. At last the moment came when she could set out, and accompanied by a vast assemblage of guides and porters, she commenced what must have seemed a herculean task.

All went well until she reached the Grand Plateau, a stretch of snow-covered glacier some hours below the summit. Here for the first time her strength gave out. She was nearly suffocated from the rarity of the air. Her eyelids drooped in overpowering sleep. The guides thought she could go no farther, and in truth her bodily forces were practically exhausted; but her will power remained, and, making a supreme effort, she exclaimed, "Promise me that if I die on the way you will carry me up to the top," and the guides, astounded by her determination, could only reply, "Oui, mademoiselle."

The plucky lady arrived, however, in due course, and once there all fatigue vanished as if by magic. A quadrille was danced, and then the heroine was lifted on the shoulder of the tallest of her followers, so that she might ascend "higher than Mont Blanc." Thus was accomplished the first noteworthy Alpine climb by a woman.

Very different were the expeditions at a later date of the two Misses Pidgeon. They climbed from their youth up, and became so expert that either could, at a pinch, act as a substitute for a guide who failed to do his business properly. On one occasion they had started to cross the Lys Joch, an easy though lofty glacier pass near Zermatt. Missing their way in a fog, they struck the wrong passage, and commenced by mistake the descent of the Sesia Joch, one of the hardest climbs in the Alps, but once previously crossed, when the wall was mounted, its descent being considered impossible.

One good guide and a clumsy porter formed the escort, and as the guide had to go first to choose the way, it fell to the porter's lot to bring up the rear. But he proved worse than useless; so one of the ladies roped herself in his place, and undertook the responsible post of "last man down." So admirably did she fulfil her duties that after many hours of hazardous climbing on the sheer face of a precipice, the little band at last came safely to the bottom and learned the same night, to their utter amazement, that they had made the passage of the dreaded Sesia Joch.

Within our own times one of the most distinguished lady climbers has been Miss Kate Richardson, to whom belongs the credit of being the first lady to ascend the Meije. The Meije is a peak 13,000 feet high in the Dauphiné Alps, and for years it defied all attempts to gain its summit. So difficult was the climb that none of the early successful parties managed to get off its formidable cliffs before nightfall, and one still notices scattered along the route almost from top to bottom low walls and ledges cleared of stones, the sleeping quarters of various shivering climbers who failed to descend by daylight and dared not move afterward.

It is not only English women who have become successful mountaineers. Holland it was who sent Frau Imminck to the Dolomites, and this intrepid woman, not content with tackling the most difficult peaks in Europe in summer, has also been up more than one in winter. From the States we have Mrs. Bullock Workman, whose explorations in the Himalayas are too well known to need further mention, and of whom we are soon to hear more.

France is particularly well represented. From the time of Mlle. d'Angleville till the present day,



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Yours truly, — M.B., etc.
Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire.

A VALUABLE PICK-UP.
Bury, July 2, 1905.
DEAR SIR,—Please forward accompanying order. I have a very high opinion of the value of your "Wincarnis," and have used it in a case of debility following Scarlatina at the isolation hospital.
Yours faithfully,
— L.R.C.P., and M.R.C.S.

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It entirely Removes and Prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, HEAT, IRRITATION, TAN, etc.

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French women have excelled on the Alps. Mme. Vail at first took up the pastime in order to accompany her husband, already an enthusiastic climber, and she has now a large number of the hardest climbs in Europe to her credit. Mme. Pailon, at the age of 61, ascended Mont Blanc in a snowstorm, and at 75 went up the Galibier, and returned to Grenoble by the arduous Brèche du Perrier. In the same year she crossed the Belledonne, walking for nineteen hours in the snow, with the thermometer showing many degrees of frost.

The English Language.
The poverty of the English language is exemplified by a circular which is making the round of a suburb and inviting subscriptions to a testimonial to the station-master. It comes from one who styles himself "the longest resident," the said physical fact being that he is probably the shortest, although in bulk and rotundity he makes up for the inches he lacks in height. Here is a case in which the very clumsiness of the German language would be an inestimable help, for then this gentleman could quite correctly describe himself "for the longest time herein residing," or even, perhaps, "the for the longest time herein residing" individual. Those compound adjectives of the Teutons may be awkward, but they express what the user means and insure accuracy.—London "Chronicle."

Safe From Serious Consequences.
"It's just scandalous the way the bearded lady is loadin' herself with booze these days," remarked the wild man from Borneo. "I should think he'd be afraid o' delirium tremens." "Oh no, he considers himself safe," replied the living skeleton; "he's married to the snake charmer, you know."—Philadelphia "Press."

Petitioners on Roller Skates.

A mob composed entirely of children on roller skates bore down on the City Hall last evening at the invitation of the chairman of the Committee on Streets and Landings, and for more than an hour monopolized the entire building, as well as the square and the approaches thereto, says the New Orleans "Times-Democrat." Anticipating the possibility of such a visit, a few hours previous to the meeting the committee made the Eddy ordinance prohibiting roller skating in the public streets the first matter for consideration, and before the children gathered had disposed of the measure by ordering an unfavorable report upon it.

But the children came, nevertheless, and so great was the pandemonium created by them with their skates, firecrackers and a variety of other ear-splitting noises that it became practically impossible for the committee to do any work until the doorways leading into the lobby were locked and barricaded. In the meantime those who had business before the committee and who were able to reach it through the mob on the outside, as well as the members of the committee themselves, were well nigh suffocated by the intense heat that prevailed within the closed quarters and from lack of air. What had been predicted to occur should the presence of a lot of children be invited to attend the meeting when it was first suggested by the chairman did occur, and the result was with some difficulty finally cleared by the night-watchman.

Those Women.

Lovely Lulu—See my new engagement ring! Don't you think Charlie has good taste?
Sarcastic Sue—He certainly has—in the selection of a ring.—"Bits."

EDW

THE recent re-jesty's success has given up to the humjects. Luc

with the "sport of cycles, and it seem sportsman in the again to possess enough to carry th Indeed, many millio racehorses would lo it up in disgust th however, has had to it with grim th the luck changed. It is quite in keep ditions of England VII. should be a sp sense of the word. Sandringham, cover gold cups, proclaima ies of his splendid y

In the game cover ably skilful with a during the annual famous game pres the kingdom the b birds generally fall There are few l which His Majesty at one time or an hobby, says a wri the breeding an oughbreds; and th inate astuteness, n considerable profi

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EDWARD VII--JOCKEY

THE recent renewal of His Majesty's successes on the turf has given unbounded delight to the humblest of his subjects. Luck in connection with the "sport of kings" runs in cycles, and it seemed as if the first sportsman in the land was fated never again to possess a horse worthy enough to carry the Royal colors. Indeed, many millionaire owners of racehorses would long ago have given it up in disgust. Our popular King, however, has had the pluck to stick to it with grim determination until the luck changed.

It is quite in keeping with the traditions of England that King Edward VII. should be a sportsman in every sense of the word. The sideboard at Sandringham, covered with massive gold cups, proclaims the many victories of his splendid yacht Britannia.

In the game covers he is remarkably skilful with a breechloader, and during the annual shoots at various famous game preserves throughout the kingdom the largest number of birds generally falls to his gun.

There are few kinds of sport in which His Majesty has not dabbled at one time or another, but his real hobby, says a writer in "Answers," is the breeding and racing of thoroughbreds; and this he has, with his innate astuteness, made a source of considerable profit.

In early life the King actually figured successfully in the pigskin as a jockey at the Curragh—the Newmarket of Ireland.

It is more than forty years since he piloted Rupee first past the judge in the Emerald Isle, and very few recognized their future King in the white-jacketed rider "Captain Melville." It is an old and true saying, particularly with regard to the turf, that there is no royal road to fortune, and King Edward VII. was no exception, as for many years the races were against him, none of his races being good enough to win a saddle and bridle at a country fair. It was on April 29, 1882, that the King won his first race in England by the aid of Fairplay. The event was called the Royal Handicap, and, strange to say, the winner was ridden by John Jones, the father of little Herbert Jones, the present Royal jockey and the famous pilot of the King's second Derby winner, the bad-tempered Diamond Jubilee. Magic, bought by the King with the object of winning the Liverpool Grand National, turned out but little good, and Countess, a promising two-year-old, fell down dead on Stockbridge racecourse. The Jubilee Stakes, won by The Imp, a "ready-made" racehorse, was the first important event won by His Majesty.

The foundation of the famous Sandringham stud by the purchase of a mare for less than a thousand pounds is one of the most extraordinary incidents in the annals of the turf. Owing to the acquisition of this shrewdly-bought thoroughbred, many remarkable chapters of racing history have had to be written. The King has thereby left his mark upon the records of the turf for all time.

Acting upon the advice of the celebrated trainer, John Porter, the King purchased Perdita II. for the mere bagatelle of £960, and from this charming thoroughbred, now unfortunately dead, he bred, at his Sandringham stud, the three celebrities, Florizel II., Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee.

These flying racers won in stakes the splendid sums of £7,855, £34,706, and £29,185 respectively, and John Porter was good enough, a few months ago, to inform the writer that he considered the value of the Sandringham stud to be not less than £200,000.

It is extremely interesting to note the way the King's winnings have fluctuated for ten years since 1891, as calculated in the following table:

1891	£ 4,148
1892	190
1893	372
1894	3,499
1895	8,281
1896	26,819
1897	15,770
1898	6,560
1899	2,189
1900	29,585

In 1901 the King, for obvious reasons, did not actively participate in racing, and since then he has met with the poorest of luck. To the delight of everyone, the Royal colors have upon several occasions recently been in the van, and Cynosure, Oselia, Victoria, and other bearers of the purple-and-scarlet jacket, seem likely to win plenty of races for His Majesty.

It will be seen that his turf prizes have amounted during the last few years to nearly £100,000, sufficient to show a nice profit.

The King has, for many years past, been a frequent visitor to the principal English race meetings, and was, when Prince of Wales, a familiar figure on Newmarket Heath as he strolled about at will unaccompanied. He has a fine suite of rooms in the premises of the Jockey Club, and these he occupies whilst racing is in progress and entertains a number of his intimate friends.

In addition to winning, amongst other important events, two Derbys and two St. Legers, our Royal sportsman, in 1900, established a record, which will probably never be beaten, by winning both Blue Ribands of racing, viz., the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase with Ambush II.

and the Derby with Diamond Jubilee in the same year.

Although His Majesty has never taken kindly to cricket, he is a keen performer on the golf links, a clever fisherman, like all his family, an accomplished horseman, extremely skilful with a billiard cue, and an ardent motorist.

The Corner of a Heart.

One corner of her girlish heart she yielded first to me, And halted there, because the rest was occupied, you see, By tenants who were kin to her, and who, as you'll divine, Through having dwelt there many years had stronger claims than mine. As slight concession e'en as this most proud was I to win, And with affection closely packed, I managed to move in; Yet soon I found the quarters cramped, and with a wooer's art I coaxed an added portion of that corner of her heart.

I quite forgot which one it was my spread of love displaced— If Cousin John's or Uncle Will's heart-lodgings were effaced By this designing move of mine. But someone, it is plain, Lost out while I was winning the expansion of domain. And yet, the corner thus enlarged, Had held me but a day, When "Someone's got to move!" I vowed; "we're in each other's way!" Of tenants here you might transfer to Memory a part! I'll have to have more room than just one corner of your heart!" The transfer was arranged, and oh, the ripple of her laugh, When she avowed, "Your corner's grown till now much more than half My heart you're occupying, dear. You well know what that means— That all the other tenants now are crowded like sardines!" "Well, more of them will have to move!" with candor I avowed, "While those whom you select to stay must still more closely crowd!" And move they did (clear out at last), which shows the greedy party A man will play if he's allowed one corner in a heart!

Roses Fed on Meat.

"I have yet to see a rose equal to those grown in Rome," said the amateur horticulturist. "They bloom in the greatest abundance all through the winter, and they are as large and rich and velvety as American Beauties, living out of doors, climbing like ivy or honeysuckle over the crumbling marble walls of ruined temples, gleaming in crimson and green masses upon ancient columns, giving to the grimest and saddest of mediaeval palazzos an air of gayety and youth."

"One day on the Via Sistina, as I passed the garden that had once been the garden of Lucullus, I saw an old man tending the shrub roots that grow there. He was pouring on their roots a dark, rich looking fluid."

"Why are the Roman roses so beautiful and abundant?" I said to the old man.

"Because they eat meat," he answered.

"Eat meat? Nonsense," said I. "Well they drink meat—meat extract, which is the same thing," said the old man. "We Roman gardeners have for centuries watered our roses twice a week with a strong decoction of fresh beef—a rich grade of beef tea. They are meat-eaters. That is why the roses of Rome are so hardy and prolific as weeds, and at the same time as richly, delicately beautiful and as sweetly perfumed as flowers grown under glass."—Chicago "Chronicle."

"Get the Business."

In a certain office building in Chicago there is a room which seems out of place in this hive of commercial industry. It is furnished like a schoolroom and adjoins the offices of one of the large insurance corporations, says the "Post" of Philadelphia. At nine o'clock every business morning this room is the scene of an unusual gathering. A dozen or more well-dressed young men and some older ones congregate here for instruction. An elderly man appears punctually at the desk, and for a half-hour delivers to them a discourse which for terseness, pointed meaning and genuine inspiration is a model of eloquence. There is no generalization; the manager is talking to his solicitors, and the one and only object in view in this assemblage is

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See that the cloth you buy bears the "Cravenette" trademark, and you may be sure your rain coat will be waterproof.



to develop the ability to get business. These two words are the keynote of every talk, the parting admonition of every session of the class. When the manager has finished his talk he calls two of the solicitors to the front.

"Jones, you may proceed to sell Smith here a bond."

Then begins an argumentative contest the like of which the solicitor seldom equals in real business. As a preliminary, he briefly ingratiates himself into the good graces of his prospective customer. Smith gives him the stony stare; pleads too busy; that he is already loaded with insurance; that he must see his partner; that he prefers another company's proposition; and ad infinitum. It is a battle of wits, and the instructor and the remainder of the class watch the contest closely, occasionally breaking in with disconcerting interruptions. At the end, a vote is taken as to whether the solicitor technically sold the bond, and if not, whether he met the situation adequately. Rivalry is intense, and the man who can technically sell a well-posted fellow-solicitor feels almost as much elation as if the deal were a real one. At ten o'clock the class hurries away to the real work of the day. Is it any wonder these men get business and work by preference on a commission basis?

How "Bridge" Got Its Name.

The story goes that, some twenty years ago, before the game of bridge was known in London clubs, two families who played the game under the name of "Russian whist" were living in neighboring houses at or near Great Dalby in Leicestershire. They were in the habit of visiting each other's houses on alternate evenings to play this fascinating game, and the only road of communication between the two houses lay over a broken-down and somewhat dangerous bridge which was very awkward to cross in the dark. It was a frequent occurrence for the departing guests to say to their hosts, "Thank goodness, it is your bridge to-morrow," meaning that the other party would have to cross the dangerous bridge the next night. Hence is said to have risen the title of "bridge."—Tatler.

APPENDICITIS VERSUS MATRIMONY

AN action for breach of promise of marriage now pending in Montreal, in which the damages are laid at \$23,000, is stated to be the outcome of an attack of appendicitis, succeeded by an operation, which extirpated not only the offending appendix of the defendant to the suit, but also the ardor of his affection for his fiancée. This last has not been recovered. As time goes on the coldness increases, frigidity becomes more frigid.

An old prophet in a revealing moment exclaimed, "I am a worm and no man." The reverse, "I am a man, and no worm," is the flaunting cry of conceited mankind to-day, but when the little vermiform appendix, whose individual possession none can deny, rises in its might and goes on the war path, the most assuming know at once that the wormy thing has the upper hand, and that everything in business, social or home life must pause and give it precedence.

All this is bad enough, but against the worst effects of the enemy, its victims have hitherto been able to look for relief to the surgeon's knife. That this is no longer so the case given warns us. The question, "Can vengeance go further than the grave?" is answered in this invasion of psychological territory by the appendix vermiciformis. As it stubbornly expires, it nabs the heart's affections, exhales a parting icy breath, and leaves a fatal coolness capable of indefinite increase.

In the wide view of things which is alone appropriate to a thoughtful human being, we must see that, in an appendix-ridden community no young man or girl can be sure of the fidelity of his or her mate if the appendix in either becomes disgruntled. In the outlook, if the operation and coldness should succeed marriage, we simply dare not enter.

Simultaneously with the Montreal report it is learned by cable that a protest has been made by Professor Dieulafoy, in the Academy of Medicine in Paris, against the increasing zeal of surgeons in pursuing and extirpating appendices. He states that the number of unnecessary operations is large and deprecates the fact of the danger to life thus incurred.

In view of the added psychological risk said to lurk in appendicitis, and to be illustrated in this breach of promise case, most people will heartily indorse the professor in his protest, and while honoring surgeons for zeal shown in the hunt for recalcitrant appendices and their extirpation, will urge that before all future operations the possibility of affections cooling as a result be taken into serious account.

Breach of promise cases are not as yet much of a bugbear in Alberta; but love, courtship and marriage are flourishing institutions. Her citizens share the common lot, each carrying an appendix vermiciformis which may declare itself. Cooling of affections supervening upon operations would work dire havoc in this sunny province.

The deadly doings of the appendix in this generation have been such that a general willingness to dispense with it altogether has been engendered in the public mind, and a knowledge of this has doubtless fired the surgeon's



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are the accepted models of style and the accepted standard of tailoring excellence.

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O'Keefe's Pilsener Lager

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle" (Registered)

It has that mild, rich, creamy quality so highly desired in all light beers. Brewed with filtered water from pure barley malt and choicest hops. After brewing, it is properly aged, then filtered again before bottling, and pasteurized.

O'Keefe's "PILSENER" is a wholesome, health-giving beverage—one of the best tonics—and beneficial to all who drink it. Insist on "The Light Beer in the Light Bottle" (Registered).

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zeal, but now we shudder at the thought of the coldness of a community thus shorn. The temperature might approach that of a Manitoba winter.

We must seek to placate this absurd appendage, to induce in it a reversion to the state of "innocuous desuetude" it occupied in the days of our progenitors, who seemed to have lived in perfect peace with it; whose cerebral molecules arranged and rearranged themselves to the simple flow of their thoughts, while they swallowed their toothsome indigestible dainties without fear, and in happy ignorance of quarrelsome appendices or progressively aggressive appendicitis.—Calgary "Herald."

She—So you have had a great many thrilling escapes?

He—Yes—I am still a bachelor.—Detroit "Free Press."

Lifts 180 Tons.

For a pair of shear legs to haul from the deck of a vessel a dead weight of 100 tons was, until a few months ago, thought to be a feat worthy of note in the United States. Now these figures have been outdone by comparison with this latest feat of lifting and swinging 180 tons.

These largest and most powerful shear legs on record were constructed and erected, not by Uncle Sam, but in John Bull's domain, at the Chatham Dockyard in Southampton, England. At the recent test they lifted with ease from a vessel's deck, cleared the deck and swung in shore, 180 tons of iron piping.

On the second test which followed immediately after the first, no repairs or restrengthening of the shears being

necessary, the 180 tons load was lifted and run out to the maximum overhang of 64 feet from the perpendicular, and then brought inboard again with the greatest ease.

A Fable for Poets.

A sign over the door of the editor of a popular magazine reads:—Poets Take Notice—Shelley, Chatterton, Raleigh, Marlowe, Tickle, Tannahill, and Suckling all died violent deaths. Verb. sap.

Labor Day.

A pleasant season of year for short outing, for which rate of single fare for round trip will be in effect via Grand Trunk Railway, going September 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, returning until September 4th. Secure tickets at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

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THE phenomenal success of the GOURLAY Pianos is but the natural result of the realization of a higher ideal in piano quality than ever before recorded in the history of Canadian piano building.

While their matchless tone-quality and constructional superiority have been first factors in the achievement of this success, still another reason is that the credit of making the piano case reflect art in all its truest forms, belongs to the manufacturers of the GOURLAY Piano.

The Art GOURLAY here illustrated, is of Louis XV design, and is a perfect example of the art of that period. It is one of several Art GOURLAYS that will be shown at the Toronto Exhibition, and the manufacturers cordially invite your critical inspection.

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The Drama.

(Continued from Page 7.)

parture from beaten paths in musical production, but also from the standpoint of scenery, costumes and equipment. The cast of principals includes David Torrence, Alfred Fisher, Jeanne Towler, Belle Gold, Frederick V. Bowers, and Carolyn Gordon.

For the week of August 27 the big bill at Shea's will include John World, comedian and dancer, and Mindell Kingston, the dancing soubrette with the grand opera voice; the Balzars, European acrobats; Howel and Scott, Steeley Doty and Coe, Hugh Stanton & Co., Zaxell-Vernon Co., and the kinetograph completes the bill.

The headliners at Shea's this week are the Fourteen Black Hussars, who give a very noisy performance with brass instruments. Dolan and Lennarr again present "The High-Toned Burglar," and are still found amusing Catherine Hayes and Sabill Johnson, in their skit, "A Dream of Baby Days," do some entertaining dancing and singing. The Garrity Sisters sing "coon" songs, and Stanley and Leonard give a sing-and-talk turn. Mitchell and Cain give their funny conversation, "The Frenchman and the Other Fellow." Herbert's trained dogs complete the bill.

Ben Greet announces that he will inaugurate his fifth consecutive American tour in September, when the Ben Greet Players, famous for their Shakespearean performances, will return from England, where they are now giving an interesting series of open-air plays, including appearances at Oxford, Cambridge, Carisbrook Castle, and Chatsworth Hall. Last season was the most successful Mr. Greet has had in either country, and beginning this autumn he will have a tour of forty-five weeks, so numerous have been the requests for engagements. "Macbeth" proved the most

popular play given by the Ben Greet Players last year, with the "Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," and "Twelfth Night" closely following. This season Mr. Greet intends to revive "All's Well That Ends Well," and both parts of "Henry IV." Incidentally he will also revive the fifteenth century morality play, "Everyman," the impressive allegory which first introduced the distinguished English actor and producer on this side of the Atlantic. His company will this year number thirty-five.

The difficulties in the way of dramatizing one of Thackeray's novels have been rather ingeniously overcome by Mr. Michael Morton in the case of "Colonel Newcome," which Mr. E. S. Willard is to produce here next season. Thackeray's discursive style is exceptionally pronounced in "The Newcomes," and it was no easy task to embody in the direct story of "Tom Newcome" the essential elements and varied incidents of the novel. That Mr. Morton succeeded in doing this the triumph of his play in London seems sufficiently to attest. The play is in four acts. The opening scene is in the library of "Colonel Newcome," the story beginning after "Mrs. Mackenzie" and her daughter Rosey have become members of the establishment. There is a family dinner just over, and friends of the Colonel have come in, the general conversation easily and naturally acquainting the audience with the relations and conditions of the characters, and bringing out the qualities of heart and mind of the valiant, kindly old soldier, who is returned to his native land after a lifetime of service with the army in India. His gracious courtesy, his simple candor of sentiment, his extreme modesty, and his profound affection for his boy, "Clive," who is hopelessly in love with his cousin "Ethel," are charmingly defined, and at once awaken a loving interest in the Colonel, who is already being made a victim to his wily housekeeper, "Mrs. Mackenzie," who is resolved to make a match between "Clive" and her daughter, "Rosey." Into this scene is introduced the incident of the "Colonel's" attempting to sing "Woppling Old Stairs," which is ridiculed by "Sir Barnes Newcome" and "Lord Farintosh" (who is "Clive's" rival for the hand of "Ethel"), with the result that "Clive" empties his wine-glass upon "Farintosh." The fine, tender rebuke of the "Colonel," who overlooks the indignity to himself and insists on "Clive's" apology for an affront to one of his guests, is perhaps the effective keynote to the "Colonel's" character.

Miss Catherine Proctor, of Toronto, who has for several years been associated with the Maude Adams Company, will this season support Miss Annie Russell as "Hermia" in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." This production will open at the New Astor Theater, New York, on August 31, and the company will include two hundred people.

No more interesting engagement than the forthcoming American tour of Yvette Guilbert and Albert Chevalier, which begins October 9, in New York, has been announced in so far as the dramatic world is concerned

in many a year. These two noted artists will make a flying trip to this continent for a period of six weeks, during which time forty-two separate engagements are to be played.

In each city visited only one performance will be given. The organization will be one of the smallest that has yet been sent forth, as it will comprise but five persons: Madame Guilbert and her accompanist, Mr. Chevalier and his accompanist, and the manager. The expense of the tour will, however, be enormous, for these two are the highest salaried artists in their class in the world today. This will be the last appearance of these entertainers as character artists, as both are going upon the "legitimate" stage. Indeed, Mr. Chevalier has already done so, while Mme. Guilbert will, at the conclusion of this trip, make her first appearance in a new play, written by herself, "Eau Trouble," the first performance of which will be given in Berlin. Should these two gifted entertainers visit Toronto, and it is expected that they will, they will be most warmly welcomed.

It is to be hoped that the fact that both the Princess and the Grand are opening the season by the presentation of comic opera, has no significance in the way of warning us that 1906-'07 is to be a dramatic year in which the musical comedy is to be the main diet of the theatergoer. As a diversion for Fair visitors the comic opera will do excellently. Many of them have only occasional opportunities of witnessing a play, and to these a bright and sparkling performance will be more welcome than the quiet, homely ones that used to be the fashion at Exhibition time. Most of the people from various parts of Ontario who will be "in for the Fair," will find "The Yankee Consul" and "Captain Careless" more diverting than "The Old Homestead" or "Shore Acres." They hear enough about homesteads and that sort of thing all year long. Even the regular theatergoer will admit that nothing is more refreshing than a really clever comic opera. But nothing calls on one more completely than a succession of mediocre performances of this class.

HAL.

The Victoria Roller Rink, Huron street, opens next Saturday evening, with an entirely new floor surface and full band in attendance, which will no doubt be a drawing card to its many patrons.

Effective.

"Bumgesser has retired from business, hasn't he?"

"Well, there's been a separation, but it was just the other way."

"How?"

"He quit advertising and the business did the rest." — Cleveland "Leader."

Last Atlantic City Excursion

this season, Friday August 31st, via Lehigh Valley R.R. Tickets only \$10 round trip from Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls. Tickets good fifteen days. Stop-over allowed at Philadelphia. For tickets, call at L. V. R. Office, 10 King street east.

Social and Personal.

A very pretty wedding took place in Western Baptist Church at two o'clock Thursday afternoon, when Miss Laura May King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. King, became the wife of Mr. Finley Graham, Ph.D., of Midland. The Rev. J. D. Freeman, of Bloor street Baptist Church, performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome Princess robe of Brussels lace over taffeta and chiffon, with tulle veil, caught with a coronet of lily of the valley, carrying a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Mabel King, as maid of honor, wearing pink silk, with large picture hat, and carrying a bouquet of Bridesmaid roses and lily of the valley. Miss Grace Sutherland, as bridesmaid, wore a dainty gown of pink silk organdie, with picture hat, and carried a bouquet of Bridesmaid roses. The flower girls, little Miss Marion Calder, Durham, niece of the groom, and Miss Vera King, Galt, cousin of the bride, looked very sweet in gowns of white silk and wreaths of sweet peas, also carrying baskets of sweet peas. The groom was assisted by Mr. G. S. Alexander of Collingwood. The ushers were Dr. A. Snell and Mr. Arthur S. King, brother of the bride. The wedding march was played by Mr. P. Kennedy. During the signing of the register Mr. Fred Routley sang "O Perfect Love." After the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 7 Melbourne avenue, where a dainty dejeuner was served. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents, among them a beautiful piano, the gift of her father. The groom's gift to the bride was an emerald and diamond cluster ring—to the bridesmaid and flower-girls pearl pins, to the groomsmen a pearl and diamond cluster pin, to the ushers pearl tie pins. Mr. and Mrs. Graham left on the flyer for New York and other American cities, the bride wearing a dainty Alice blue voile suit over taffeta, Eton coat opening over a lace blouse, with hat to match. On their return they will reside in Midland.

Lady Kirkpatrick, who has been away for the past fortnight, with the exception of a day in town the beginning of the week, is expected home on Monday or Tuesday.

Miss Jennie Crawford of Buffalo, N.Y., is spending her vacation in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Riggs, Pape Avenue.

The marriage of Miss Mary Mulcahy, daughter of Mr. Thomas Mulcahy, Esq., Orillia, and Mr. Frederick Potvin of Midland, has been arranged to take place at the Church of the Angels' Guardian, Orillia, September 5.

Mrs. W. J. Obernier and son are spending their summer vacation in Muskoka.

for an extended trip to Europe, going by way of Paris, Hamburg and Berlin. Mr. Reinhardt will probably return early in November, while Miss Reinhardt purposes remaining in Berlin to complete her musical studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gooderham, accompanied by Mrs. Gooderham's sister, Mrs. Wright Brown, of New York, and her husband, sailed for England by the S.S. "Cedric" on Friday morning. They hope that the sea voyage may do much towards recuperating Mr. Gooderham's health after his long and serious illness.

Mr. Lothar Reinhardt of "Linderhof," Jarvis street, accompanied by Miss Reinhardt, left New York by steamer "Kaiserine Augusta Victoria."

To secure the most perfect result you should consult W. D. McVey, the photographer, about the costume you should wear; the style in which you should dress your hair, etc. Studio open until nine o'clock every evening for consultation. Studio, 514 Queen street west. Phone Main 6397. Mr. McVey will be behind the camera himself.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births.

WILCOX—To Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Wilcox, 65 Wellesley street, a son, on August 21.

MACKENDRICK—On August 21, to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Mackendrick, a son.

ARCHIBALD—On Sunday, August 19, the wife of Dr. T. D. Archibald, 327 College street, of a son.

DOULL—On August 21, 1906, at Streetsville, to the wife of E. M. Doull, manager of the Metropolitan Bank, a son.

Marriages.

ANDRAS—FRANCIS—At St. Simon's Church, on August 18, 1906, at 2:30 p.m., by the Rev. Professor Clark and the Rev. E. Cayley, Gwendolyn, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Francis, to Edward Bertram Gay Andras, eldest son of Professor and Mrs. J. W. Gay Andras.

DENNIS—SIFTON—At Siftonia Lodge, the summer home of the bride's parents, Banff, Alberta, August 13, 1906, by the Rev. Fred Langford, Nellie Louise Sifton, daughter of Hon. Arthur L. Sifton of Calgary, to George Clarke Dennis, of Cobourg, Ont.

HORNE—FARMER—At Mt. Carmel, Wednesday, August 22, by the Rev. Father Forster, Miss Ethel I. Farmer, of Exeter, to Mr. Edmond Westropp Horne, manager of the Sovereign Bank, Stratford, and

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ATKINSON—PUJOLAS—At Dundas, Ont., on August 14, 1906, by Rev. Mon. Heenan, Beatrice Dell Pujolas, of Dundas, to Frederick Atkinson, of Toronto.

Deaths.

WILSON—On August 16, 1906, at 6 Oriole avenue, Center Island, Doris, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Wilson, aged 6 years 10 days.

ANDERSON—At his residence, 67 Avenue road, Toronto, on Thursday, August 16, 1906, Walter Nicol Anderson, in his 72nd year.

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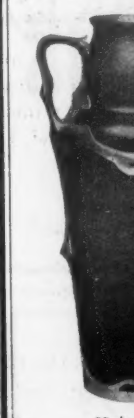
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SECOND LIFE GUARDS BAND IN PLAYING UNIFORM, AS THEY WILL APPEAR AT THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION, TORONTO.

Conceit as a Profitable Asset

BY WILLIAM RADER

HERE is a difference between self-respect and self-conceit, but they are often found together. A conceited man is usually self-respecting. When you take out of conceit the element of respect, you have little left. All successful men are more or less endowed with what is known as self-conceit. The danger consists in an unpleasant and objectionable overflow of the capacity to do things. Real success in life is hardly possible without it. Ability will shine, even as a diamond, and the diamond sparkles with conceit. When under control it is a quality by no means to be despised. The fact is, most people have a very good opinion of themselves. This good opinion may be described by assurance, self-confidence, respect or conceit. These words mean practically the same thing, and they all indicate power. But sometimes a man quite misunderstands himself. He does not know his limitations. This is unfortunate. The chief object in going to college is to discover oneself. When a young man finds himself, he is in a position to go on with his education. How can he train the unknown? We educate that which we understand.

It is a misfortune to misunderstand oneself, since such a mistaken estimate leads to all sorts of foolish ambitions and mental blunders. What passes for modesty is often conceit. It is false. There is a retiring and modest disposition which is genuine, and there is a modesty which is but the outward shield of an inward assurance. When genuine, modesty is a great virtue. Some men are like some animals, not knowing their strength. Once tested, they find the depths of power. Balanced natures are not, as a rule, strong natures. In the equipoise of life there is balance and symmetry, but nothing extraordinary. The unusual man is never well balanced. Genius is never balanced. More often it is insanity. There is something powerful in the fanatic. Fanaticism is talent in a heap, or purpose monopolized by one particular bent of energy.

We win respect in proportion to the respect we have for ourselves. He who has no respect for himself will win no respect from others. Pride is the flowers we throw at ourselves. We really think more of ourselves than we are willing to confess. We would not care to have others say of us what we say of ourselves. Therefore, much of our modesty is false. The young lady who says, blushing, that she cannot sing or play, would be highly insulted if others said she could not sing or play. When a man has self-conceit only, with nothing to be conceited about, he defends himself against any success in life. It is a sad spectacle to see one who thinks he knows everything about art, and music, and literature, and politics, who really does not know anything. Such a man is a nuisance, and we do not like to have him around.

Provincialism breeds self-conceit. The man who never sees the other side of life fancies that there is but one side. He lives within himself. To be satisfied with one's environment, with the city or State, or country, leads to the conviction that there is no other city, or State, or country in any respect equal to our own. The broad-minded man is never provincial. Provincialism shuts the door to the universal. The ant is not a good judge of eagles. What does the glowworm know of the star? Have you heard the ant criticize the eagle, and the glowworm make fun of the star? I have, and I always pity the critic. The eagle and the planet don't mind. Why should they? Somebody wrote: "Self-conceit, with the sting out of it, combined with aggressive self-respect, is certainly far more profitable than one hundred per cent. pure and retiring modesty."

It is a good thing for a man to turn over his self-conceit to his self-respect that it may be fashioned, disciplined and trained into power. To know oneself entails the obligation of training. We must all have a certain amount of confidence to do the thing nature fitted us to do. The surgeon may know all about how the knife should be used, but that is not sur-

gery. The surgeon is one who not only knows, but is capable of doing the thing he knows. Success in life is not based on knowledge, but power, hence true "knowledge is power." Ignorance is the one great hindrance to success; ignorance of ourselves, of others, and of life. Wisdom does not always speak Latin and Greek, and often walks around in shoes that are patched, but it is worth having. Ignorance is more than misfortune. Many very clever people are very ignorant. They do not know themselves, and are not sure whether they were meant to be blacksmiths or artists. The probability is they will be neither.

Ordinary people are numerous because so many do not know themselves and have never found their own souls. Each human being is in the beginning an unexplored country. That he should remain undiscovered all his life is a tragedy. At some period of life we should know ourselves, and learn to make some practical use of the thing we actually are. This seems to be the chief end of education.

THOSE YANKEE BOOMS.

Mr. William Travers Jerome lately took a little turn through the south, and now a very lively gubernatorial boom has marked him for its own, while in the distance a shadowy Presidential boom looms murkily. Mr. Bryan, a little while ago, was editing his paper, planting potatoes, choring round the farm, and lecturing up and down the earth between whiles. Then he went for a little run around the world, and see what happened. We draw from these and a multitude of similar incidents that dot the near-reaches of memory's landscape that the way to start a boom a-booming is to go on a tour, take a little run around the country, strike out for somewhere, and keep talking. Mr. Rockefeller went to France almost a tainted millionaire outcast. He comes home another man, chatty, amiable, reduced in fortune, and fairly immune to muck-rake wrath. Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and distance lends enchantment to the view; but a deeper mystery must be explored to explain why a mere going and coming by boat, or train, or auto has this happy power of transformation. Mayor Belcher was known only in Paterson, New Jersey. He lit out one day for Canada, and the whole country knew Belcher henceforth. Some of the most obscure people have found the spot-light of publicity by such a simple expedient as a step over the border. The lesson is plain. Don't stand like a hitching-post. Go somewhere. Take a trip. Drive round the rural side and drink buttermilk with the plain people, and talk. Talk all the time, about everything. This means action, and action is motion, and motion is heat, and heat makes hot air, and hot air is a boom.—Judge.

Most Unkindest Cut.

Mr. Melville Stone of the Associated Press, tells of the account of a wedding published in a Kansas paper. The story, which described the marriage in the usual flowery adjectives, concluded with this surprising announcement: "The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch together with many other beautiful things in cut-glass."—Harper's.

The Nude in Art.

Dr. Johnson's famous rebuke of a female Anthony Comstock of his day is worth recalling. Asked by this person if he did not consider a certain statuette on the mantelpiece "indecent," the bluff doctor retorted, "No, madam, the figure is not indecent; but your question is." Which put the mental philosophy of the matter in a nutshell.—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

The Clerical Optimist.

Bachelor—It's my opinion that marriage is a failure. Clergyman—You are decidedly wrong. My last month's wedding fees will buy my wife's clothes for a year.—Judge.

Justification.

Good servants are becoming so difficult to obtain that we really cannot blame the American lady who disinherited her son because he married her maid.—Punch.

Old London Civic Palace.

LONDON is to have a new county hall, which is London for city hall, since city and county are one and yet are not. The puzzled stranger never really understands the distinction. The city of London is only a mile square in the heart of London, and all the rest that the tourist speaks of as the city is not the city, but the county. London is, in fact, several cities, with several corporations, mayors and aldermanic men of might. It is a federation of cities, an United States of cities, says the Boston "Herald." These in their aggregate, make a county, and that county of London, that all London, is to have a county hall. And yet not all London, for the city has no part in the federation. The lord mayorality is a kingdom unto itself. Well, the county of London is to have a county hall, a palace on the banks of the Thames, an architectural masterpiece that shall rival the glory of Brussels, the city home of Paris, nay, even the stately gothic pile inhabited at Westminster by the mother-of-parliaments. The superb site has been chosen for it—the south bank of the river between Westminster and Waterloo bridges.

Search the world over and no finer opportunity presents itself to the architect. The competition, by the way, is to be open to the architects of all nations. The site is in that majestic curving sweep of river dominated at its western end by the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey on the north, by Lambeth Palace and St. Thomas' Hospital on the south, and at the other end by the dome of St. Paul's. Midway is the imposing facade of Somerset House, and then come the Savoy and Cecil Hotels, the gardens of the embankment, and Whitehall Court. Either from Westminster bridge or Waterloo bridge the panorama is one of the noblest in the world, perhaps the very noblest in metropolitan sights. Who shall forget the sonnet it inspired in Wordsworth when the spectacle was far inferior to what it is now? But Wordsworth had this advantage over the present generation; the Charing Cross railroad bridge, did not obtrude itself upon the vision. One end of the county hall (cannot London find a nobler name than that for the proposed structure?) will come against that fearsome steel thing, but one of these days the municipality may compel the railroad to tunnel the river and remove the bridge. The properties now standing on the site for the new building will cost the county council \$3,000,000. The area is a little more than five acres. The disposition of the council is to erect a building which shall be in every way worthy of the world's metropolis and the imposing position which has been secured. Here is an opportunity for an architect to make his name immortal.

Addition and Subtraction.

An Eastern man went out West to raise cattle, and had for his brand his initials, "I. C." A cattle-rustler, thinking that he could rustle some of the Eastern man's cattle, bought a ranch, and had for his brand the letters "I. C. U.," so he only had to add the letter "U" to the Eastern man's cattle. After losing a few of his cattle the Eastern man found out the trick which was being played on him, and added "2" on his cattle, which made the brand read "I. C. U. 2." The cattle-rustler, understanding the hint, moved away.—Harper's Weekly.

Dashaway—Did you have a hard time winning Miss Summit? Cleverton—I should say I did. Why, when our engagement was announced in the papers, I had it put among the sporting news.—Life.

Live Within Your Means.

The quiet, honest citizen who lives well within his income, having what he needs in the way of comfortable living, adequate feeding, tasteful dressing, with some relaxations and pleasures, all in such proportion as his means justify, stands agape at his neighbor who earns no more, but who makes a deal of show with what he

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

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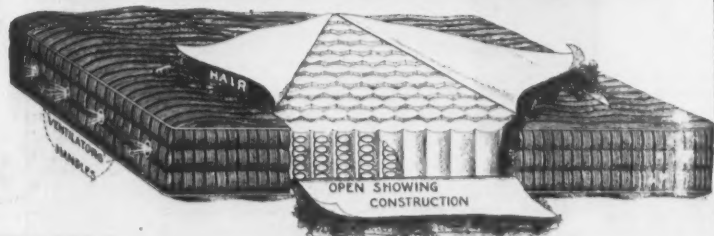
All of the smart styles match the natural hair perfectly and blend and dress into it beautifully. We have numerous private parlors where one can try on and note effects in absolute seclusion. Fashionable hair dressing and marcel waving a specialty. A feature of this store is its very moderate prices. Look for our exhibit at the exposition.

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has and what he does, and doubts his own ability to manage. But the difference is not so much apparently in ability to make a given sum of money go its fullest length as of willingness to incur debt and forget it.—New Bedford "Standard."

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Absolutely guaranteed to be the most comfortable mattress made. Built up of Springs and Hair that provide rest and support for every part of the body. No sagging in the middle. No lumps. Always soft and resilient. Ventilated throughout, keeping it clean and wholesome, and making it the only healthy mattress.

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From the Artistic Standpoint

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GERHARD HEINTZMAN Limited
97 Yonge St. TORONTO and 127 King St. E. HAMILTON

DELIVERING MAIL BY STREET CARS

N Brussels, the capital of Belgium, a unique system of rapid mail distribution is in successful operation.

This system, which is described by a writer in the "World Magazine," is simple to a degree. Various lines of street cars traverse Brussels in all directions; to the cars are attached small iron boxes which are painted blue, lettered "Telegrams" and indicate the hours of service—from 7 a.m. till 9 p.m. Into these receptacles "special" mail is placed by carriers or messengers. Where the lines cross, and near those offices whence messages are distributed, other agents verify the contents. These agents open all boxes attached to the cars, which stop at their respective stations, examine the contents and put it back to continue on its way, or take it out for prompt delivery, or to be transferred from one box to another.

The most important station is opposite the Palais de la Bourse. Here, four messengers are employed—and the work is finely conducted in spite of the fact that this is the terminal point of, at least, fifteen tram and omnibus lines. A turn of the key, a glance at the addresses, another turn of the key—that is all. Celerity and precision are the basis of the system.

Though these boxes bear the word "Telegrams" they serve largely for "special" post correspondence. Anybody can drop his telegram, or special delivery letter, properly stamped—in the box and feel confident of its prompt delivery. Here is an example. You live at Uccle, an extreme southeastern portion of Brussels, and there is pressing need of a letter to your friend at Laeken, in the extreme northeastern portion of the district; you write your letter, drop it in the box of the first tram that passes, and in one hour and a quarter at the latest the communication is in your friend's hands. So much for local correspondence.

For "special interurban" the same facilities are provided. Special post cards, and letters, are sent out by the first train that starts to wherever they are directed. The special "pink" envelopes are entrusted to the conductors who stamp them and pass them on, if necessary, to the conductor of a second train and he, in turn, to a third and so on. At the proper destination they are taken to the nearest telegraph office and sent out at once by special messenger. And this is done for a cost of seven cents for a post card, of less than ten cents for a letter, provided it is not over-weight, or is not beyond the fixed limit of two kilograms. A special letter mailed in Brussels at 7.30 o'clock will be delivered in Comines, about eighty-five miles distant, at 11.30 o'clock. A letter sent from Ostend will be delivered in Verviers, 150 miles distant, in about six hours. The "special" mail distributed in Belgium by telegraph messengers reached, during 1905, 2,200,000 pieces.

When Speech Was Golden.

The late David Simpson, who, for the greater part of his life, occupied a position of responsibility and trust with the firm of Armour & Co., owed his good fortune to the fact that in his boyhood he possessed the full allowance of aplomb and independence supposed to be the birthright of young America.

One morning Mr. P. D. Armour, seated at his desk, received, at the hands of a messenger-boy, a telegram of unusual importance, and, after reading it over the second time, sat with knitted brows, absorbed in thought and oblivious of the waiting Mercury. The silence finally was broken by an imperious young voice, which said:

"Come, sign this book! My time is

money."

Turning, the millionaire saw at his elbow a small, rosy-cheeked boy who held out the book, pointing with insistent finger to the spot waiting for the recipient's name.

"Well," said Mr. Armour, looking him over approvingly, "I shouldn't wonder if we could use a boy of your stamp. What wages are you getting now?"

"Twenty-three dollars a month," was the reply.

"I will give you twenty-five."

"Done!" said the small boy promptly, and the next morning he reported bright and early, and began his daily round of duties.

However, the exuberant spirits of youth dominated him at times, and, having one day overstepped the bounds of prudence, he was discharged. Meekly the lad took his leave, but the next morning he was back again as usual.

"Hello!" said the head of the firm as he passed the department in which "Dave" was at work. "I thought you had been dismissed."

"And so I was, Mr. Armour," was the reply, "but I have thought it all over, and I find that I cannot leave you for two reasons."

"And what are your reasons?"

"One is that I can't afford to give up so good a boss as you are, and the second that you can't afford to lose so good a boy as I am."

His employer laughed and passed on—and "Dave" was a fixture for life.—Saturday Evening Post.

Just Used a Ferret.

Dr. William Osler, apropos of heroic remedies, said:

"Uneducated persons have no faith in the subtleties of medicine—in tiny pills, in diet, in medicine. When they are ill, they want large, strong, black, bitter doses. They want heroic measures to be applied to them."

"Thus there was an English physician who sent some leeches to a patient, a miner."

"Calling the next day, the physician inquired before starting upstairs for the sick-room if the leeches had arrived."

"The miner's wife, with a contemptuous laugh, replied:

"Yes, sir; but what on earth be the use of sendin' them little things for a great chap? I just took an clapped a ferret on 'um."—Exchange.

An Unpleasant Sequel Anticipated.

An old-time English barrister was John Williams, a sarcastic wit and a bachelor with an intense prejudice against marriage. His clerk one day asked him for a holiday to get married, and some months afterward, on entering his chambers, Williams found his dead body suspended from the door. He engaged another clerk, and asked him if he was married. "No," the clerk replied; but thinking that Williams would regard marriage as a guarantee of steadiness, he added, "but I am going to be." "Very well," replied Williams; "but understand this—when you hang yourself don't do it here!"—New York "Tribune."

Never Gets By.

"I always hate to pass an ice-cream saloon when I'm out walking with my girl."

"When I'm out with my girl I've never happened to pass one."

"That's strange. How do you manage it?"

"I don't manage it; she does. She always insists upon going in."—Catholic Standard.

Bryan's Mixed Metaphor.

Earnest politicians easily mix metaphors. Said Mr. Bryan in London: "I could stand only upon a platform to which I could give my whole support." The question is whether he thought of himself as a statue on a pedestal, or a caryatid holding up a frieze.—New York "Post."

Social and Personal

Among those registered at the Hotel Del Monte, Preston Springs, are: Miss F. Owens, Mr. A. Foster, Miss C. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maulson, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Reid, Mr. and Mrs. John Sloan, Mrs. Jackes, Miss Janes, Mr. R. L. Cowan, Mrs. A. Harding, the Misses Harding, Miss Ethel Clarkson, Mrs. W. E. Cosford, Miss Edna Cosford, Mr. G. E. Maguire, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Foster, Miss J. A. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Boothe, of Toronto; Mr. D. W. Little, Mr. Elmer Little, Mr. Seth Little of Johnstown, N.Y.; Mr. C. E. Osborne, Detroit; Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Chaffee, Mrs. J. M. Allen and child, New Orleans, La.; Mr. and Mrs. Cecil B. Robinson, Walkerville; Miss K. Malcolmson, New York; Miss Agnes Blackman, Trenton, N.Y.; Mr. Arthur Schiedel, Detroit; Mr. R. Walder, Hamilton; Mr. Harry B. Thorpe, Guelph; Mrs. Robert Dewart, Rochester; Miss Ida Shantz, Berlin; Mr. A. L. Moore, Winnipeg; Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Armstrong, Fergus; Mr. William Campbell, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Thomas Owens, Waterloo; Mr. Henry Dewey and son, New York; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bell, Guelph; Mr. W. J. Easton, Pittsburg; Miss Clara Boomer, Rock Rapids, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Rose, Canton, O.; Mr. Clarence McCraig, Montreal; Mr. R. J. Buchanan, Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. P. Alloway, New Dundee; Mr. H. L. Langelier, Montreal; Miss F. E. Jackson, Mrs. P. D. Hayward, Mrs. V. Morden, Brockville; Mr. H. L. Hines, London, Eng.; Mr. F. W. McKinney, Montreal; Mrs. A. D. Hamilton, Kansas City; Mr. George Boulton, Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Johnston, Orangeville.

Miss Douglas Lake of Jarvis street has returned from a seven weeks' visit to Winnipeg, Brandon and Strausburg.

Mrs. and Miss Byrne of Huron street, Mr. E. M. Byrne of the Standard Bank, and Mr. A. H. Byrne of "Rod and Gun in Canada," have gone to Sandy Point, Muskoka, where they will spend a few weeks.

Misses M. I. and Aimee Christie of Berkeley street have left on a trip to the Thousand Islands and Montreal.

Mrs. E. Evans of 866 College street, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. E. R. Briggs, has gone to Somerset, Bermuda, where she will be the guest of Mrs. T. M. Allan. They do not expect to return to town until about the middle of September.

Mr. Aubrey O. Hurst, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Erminie Hurst, and Master Oliver Hurst, has gone on a fishing trip to Stoney and Kawartha lakes.

Amongst the young people of the west end roller skating has obtained a great vogue, and the Parkdale Roller Rink is rapidly becoming a favorite rendezvous.

Herbert G. Simpson, late of 143 College street, is now in his new studio, 108 Yonge street. Phone M. 6898 for appointments.

The Evening of Life.

It is too late! Ah nothing is too late Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles Wrote his grand Oedipus, and Simonides Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers.

When each had numbered more than four score years;

And Theophrastus at four score and ten Had just begun his "Characters of Men."

Chaucer at Woodstock with the night-ingles.

At sixty wrote the "Canterbury Tales." Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last, Completed "Faust" when eighty years were past.

What then! Shall we sit idly down and say The night hath come; it is no longer day?

The night hath not yet come; we are not quite Cut off from labor by the failing light;

Something remains for us to do or dare, Even the oldest trees some fruit may bear,

For age is opportunity no less Than youth itself, though in another dress;

And as the evening twilight fades away The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

The House That Jerry Built.

He was a twentieth century hustling builder, and under his auspices cottages and buildings seemed to spring up like mushrooms.

"Please, sir," said one of his foremen, rushing up to him one morning in a state of mental collapse, "one o' the new houses has fallen down in the night!"

"What!" he roared. "You mean to say that one of my well-built, desirable, residential houses have come to grief? Ah, I suppose you took the scaffolding down before you put on

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"Cigars kept in perfect condition in our Humidor."

THE POWER OF PERFECTION

was never more fully exemplified than in the success of

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PERFECTION

is that condition of absolute completeness to which many aspire, which few attain, which none can surpass.

SUCCESS

is the natural outcome of "Perfection." DUNVILLE'S IRISH affords striking evidence of the certain popularity to be obtained by "A Perfect Whisky."

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WHOLESALE WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS

26 and 28
St. Sulpice St.
Montreal.

the wall-paper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what can you expect, you rank outsider? Call yourself a foreman? Get off the works. You're sacked!"—Answers.

Whipped by a Jaybird.

George Smith, street commissioner, stooped to pick up a nest of little birds which had dropped to the sidewalk, intending to remove them to a

place of safety, when he was attacked by an angry jaybird, and was obliged to seek safety in a house.

The nest had fallen from a tree, and the mother bird resented interference.—Indianapolis "News."